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THE ETIQUETTE OF FISHING

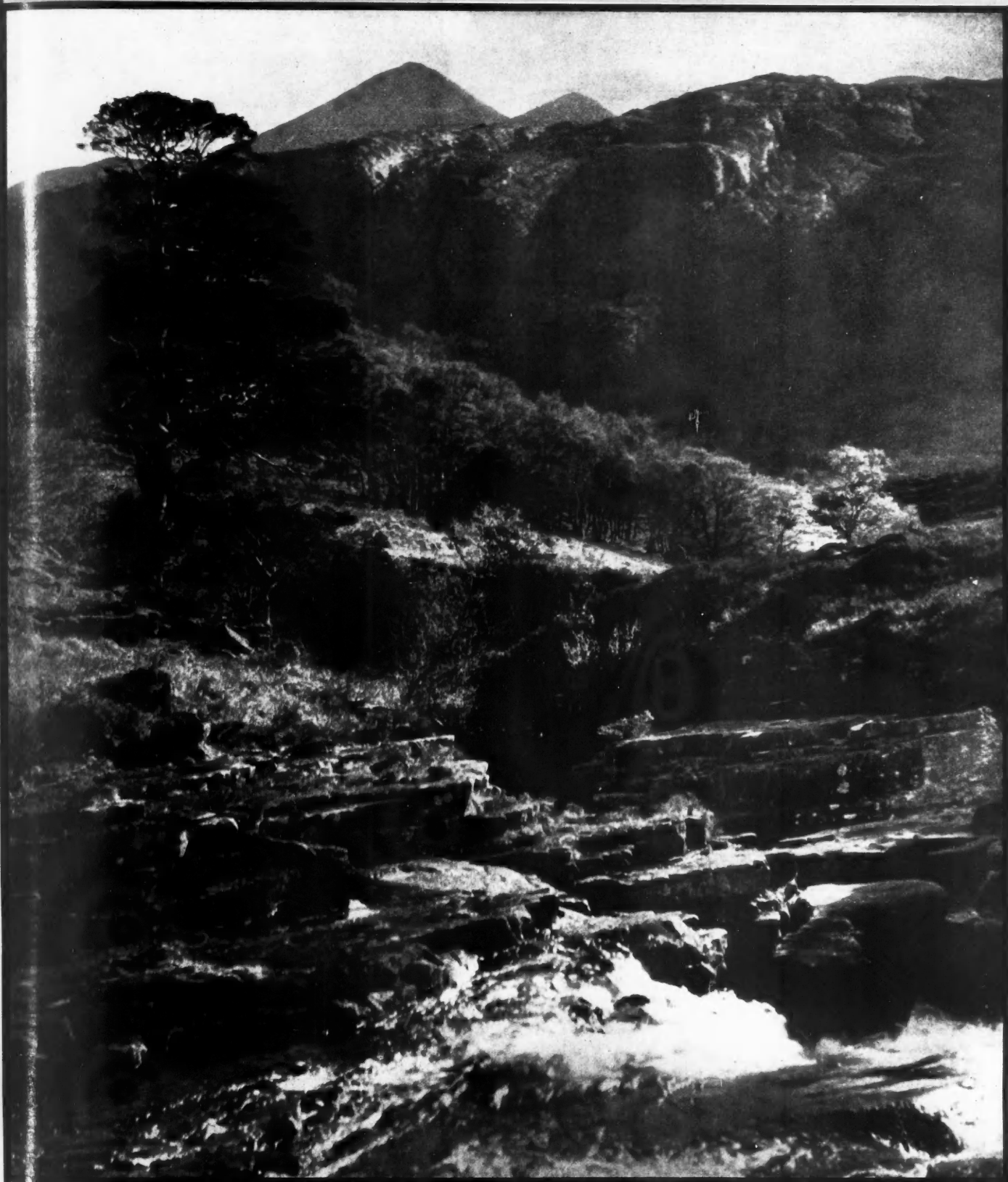
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COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday

SEPTEMBER 27, 1946

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J. Hubert Walker

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GROW your own delicious Black Grapes. Genuine Black Hamburg 2-year grape vines ideally suited for cultivation in the cold glass house or conservatory, 15/- each with cultural instructions.—D. POTTS, F.R.H.S., Newington, Preston, Lancs.

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WELL-EDUCATED young lady seeks post as Secretary; fully trained, able to drive, and willing to travel.—Box 599.

YOUNG Couple, ex-Army, ex-Wren, require interesting post with lady and gentleman; well educated, experienced drivers, husband as Companion Chauffeur, Land Agent, etc., wife as Companion Secretary, Housekeeper, etc. Good all-round sporting couple, fond of country life. Go anywhere.—Box 605.

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A SMALL unfurnished Bungalow Cottage is available in grounds of private house in Surrey. A couple (gentlefolk) with thorough knowledge of gardening would be welcome, rent-free, in exchange for work in garden. References essential. No children or dogs.—Write Box 603.

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REQUIRE for Berkshire, modern house, an experienced Chef. Ex-naval man or woman would be considered; must be first class, and hold good references for both work and character; good salary.—All particulars first letter. Box 539.

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"COUNTRY LIFE" COPIES

Wanted BACK NUMBERS "Country Life" wanted. March 3, 10 and 17, 1923; Nov. 27, 1937.—CHESTER, Warfleet, Dartmouth.

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AN ATTRACTIVE HOLIDAY in beautiful West Wight. THE OSBORNE PRIVATE HOTEL, Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight, offers hospitality, bathing, boating, fishing, golf and excellent food. Garage. Terms from 5 to 6½ gns. per week. Tel.: Freshwater 236.

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No. 2593

SEPTEMBER 27, 1946

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

SUSSEX

About 1 mile from Coleman's Hatch. 3½ miles from Forest Row. 400 feet up overlooking the Ashdown Forest.
NEW LODGE, COLEMAN'S HATCH. ABOUT 123 ACRES



A substantial stone-built Country Residence.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, central heating, electric light, main water. Well wooded gardens. Bungalow Cottage. Range of buildings with stabling for 6 and garage for 3. **Attractive cottage with about 13 ACRES**

An important block of woodland.

Vacant possession of house and land.



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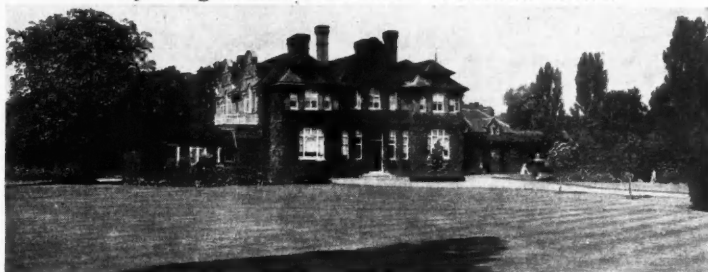
BETWEEN WINDSOR AND ASCOT

Adjoining Windsor Forest. London 26 miles.

The Residence, which is built of red brick with tiled roof, a part dating back to 1709, has recently been modernised and is now in good order.

It stands about 250 feet above sea level on sand and gravel soil facing south and east, and has pleasant views.

Lounge hall, 4 reception, billiards room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms.



Companies' electric light, power, gas and water. Central heating. Telephone. Modern drainage. Stabling, garage for 3 cars, with flat of 3 rooms and bath, and 3 other cottages in service occupation.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS

include wide-spreading lawns, rockeries, hard tennis court, partly walled kitchen garden, orchard and paddocks.

ABOUT 22 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

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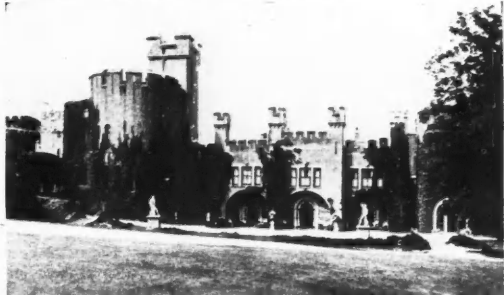
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Between Snowdon and the Sea. Occupying a lovely situation with panoramic views.



The Castle has been enlarged with skill and complete disregard of cost, and is now an extremely well-equipped residence.

Built of stone and entered through a Norman arched doorway. Hall, 5 reception, 13 principal and 15 staff and secondary bedrooms, 13 bathrooms. Co.'s electric light. Central heating. Abundant water supply. Modern drainage. Stabling. Garages.



Lovely grounds with immense banks of flowering shrubs. LAKE OF 2 ACRES, stocked with trout, and boathouse. Pasture and woodland. Home Farm. 300 acres of moorland and hill pasture including a good Grouse Moor.

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Sheltered and pleasant position about 350 feet above sea-level facing south overlooking the Firth of Tay.



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Grampian electric light and Co.'s water. Central heating throughout. Modern drainage. Garage for 6 with rooms over.

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TERRICK FARM about **117½ acres**.
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Accommodation land and valuable sand beds.
Eight dwelling houses and cottages.

IN ALL ABOUT 198 ACRES

Will be offered for Sale by Auction (unless previously sold privately) as a whole or in 9 Lots, at the Victoria Hotel, Whitchurch, on Monday, October 7, 1946, at 3 p.m. Subject to conditions. Illustrated particulars price 1/- from the
Joint Auctioneers: HENRY MANLEY & SONS, LTD., F.A.I., Whitchurch, Shropshire (Tel. 19 and 357), and JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 25, Nicholas Street, Chester (Tel. 1348). Solicitors: Messrs. BIRCHAM & CO., 46, Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

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NEAR MAIDSTONE, KENT

Maidstone 3 miles. Tonbridge 11 miles.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

The substantial modern Freehold Residence
HALL PLACE, BARMING WOODS

commanding a lovely and distant view and containing:
Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices. Main electric light and water. Drainage to septic tank. Garage and outbuildings. Splendid cottage. Lovely grounds, kitchen garden and woodland approximately **9½ acres** in all



Will be offered FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately) at the ROYAL STAR HOTEL, MAIDSTONE, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, at 2.30 p.m.

Particulars and conditions of sale from the Auctioneers: **JACKSON STOPS AND STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7).**
Solicitors: **Messrs. WHITEHEAD THOMAS & URMSTON, 9 King Street, Maidstone (Tel.: Maidstone 2281).**

STONEWALL, LANGTON GREEN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS

A DELIGHTFUL RECONSTRUCTED TUDOR FARMHOUSE

Hall and 4 reception rooms, 2 sun parlours, 9 bedrooms, dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Excellent domestic offices including servants' sitting room.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

Garage, chauffeur's flat, gardener's bungalow. Picturesque east house.

ABOUT 4 ACRES

For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold privately) at the Swan Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, on Friday, October 4, 1946, at 3 precisely.

Particulars (price 1/-) of the Auctioneers: **Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.**

EAST HAMPSHIRE

(On the Sussex Borders)

The substantial and spacious family Residence

Set amidst charming country some 500 ft. above sea level.

OVERCOMBE, HILLBROW, NEAR LISS

Liss 1½ miles, Petersfield 4 miles.

Having entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, cloakroom, 6 principal bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, 3 maids' bedrooms, nursery and 2 attic rooms. Ample domestic offices. Telephone. Central heating. Main water and electricity. Cesspool drainage. Garage for 2 cars and stabling with flat over. Well-timbered gardens and grounds. Tennis lawn. In all about **4 ACRES**. FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately) by **Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF in conjunction with Messrs. JOHN DOWLER & CO., on October 16, 1946, at 3 p.m., at the Welcome Inn, Petersfield.**
Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 37, South St., Chichester, and 8, Hanover St., W.1. And Messrs. JOHN DOWLER & CO., 2, High St., Petersfield. Solicitors: Messrs. ELVY ROBB & CO., 16a, St. James's St., London, S.W.1.

By direction of Rear-Admiral J. S. Salmon.

IN HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS

Cheltenham 7 miles, Andoversford 2 miles.

Truly delightful Cotswold stone-built and stone-tiled

Residence known as **HAMPEN HOUSE**

And comprising hall, cloakroom, 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, complete domestic offices with Aga cooker. Two garages, barn, stabling. Excellent secondary Residence. Electric light. Good water supply. Central heating. Domestic hot-water supplies.

Septic tank drainage. Telephone.

Attractive pleasure and walled kitchen gardens. Paddock.

In all about 6 ACRES

Messrs. JACKSON STOPS (Cirencester) will submit to Auction (unless previously sold by Private Treaty) at the Town Hall, Cheltenham, on Monday, October 7, 1946, at 3 p.m. precisely. Catalogues (price 6d.) from the Auctioneers, Old Council Chambers, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 334/5), also at London, Northampton, Leeds, Yeovil, Chichester and Chester, or the Solicitors: Messrs. PEAKE & CO., 6, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1 (Tel.: Chancery 8223).

Auction Friday, October 4, 1946.

In the lovely Kentish village 6 miles from Sevenoaks.

COB ORCHARD, PLAXTOL—KENT



Hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms and 5 secondary rooms forming a staff flat. 2 bathrooms. Main water, electricity and drainage. Cottage of 5 rooms and garage. Gardens and nut orchard of **2½ ACRES**

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

By Auction 9th October, 1946

By direction of F. Griffiths Woollard, Esq., J.P., and Frank J. Woollard, Esq.

WICKHAMBROOK, SUFFOLK

Newmarket 10 miles. Bury St. Edmunds 10 miles.

BADMUNDISFIELD HALL

The historic small Elizabethan Manor House with moat, containing great hall 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms. Garden. Entrance lodge and 2 parks. Three farms. Smallholding. Five cottages.

ALDERSFIELD HALL with 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms. Six cottages having in all a total area of

about **700 ACRES**. The major part with **Vacant Possession**.

Particulars (price 1/-) from the Auctioneers: **JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover St., London, W.1. Solicitors: E. STUART HUNT, Esq., 1, Leadenhall Bldg., Leadenhall St., E.C.3; PARTRIDGE & WILSON, 88, Guildhall St., Bury St. Edmunds. Land Agent: H. C. WOLTON, Esq., 5, Woolhall St., Bury St. Edmunds.**

Grosvenor 3121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

BUCKS

One mile from main line station. 40 minutes to Town. Adjoining large privately owned estate. South view.

A well-equipped and situated

MODERN RESIDENCE



Eight bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath and 3 large reception rooms.

Main water, gas and electricity. Garage and flat. Very delightful secluded grounds of nearly **2 acres**.

UNEXPECTEDLY FOR SALE. PRICE £6,000

Owner's Agents: **WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.**

KENT

Near the coast and first-class golf. Station 1½ miles. Principal aspect south.

A very interesting modernised old

GEORGIAN FARMHOUSE

Seven bed and dressing, 2 bath and 4 reception rooms, up-to-date conveniences. Stabling, garage. Flat and cottage. Pleasant grounds with swimming pool.



PRICE £10,000 WITH OVER 30 ACRES

View through **WINKWORTH & CO., London, W.1.**

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

EASTBOURNE

In a good Residential District. 10 minutes from the station.
BISHOPSBOURNE



Attractive Residence in good order throughout, facing south and occupying a secluded position on rising ground.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 principal and 5 secondary bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Companies' electric light, gas and water. Central heating. Main drainage. Garage. Well wooded grounds with a Private gate to the Royal Eastbourne Golf Links.

ABOUT 2½ ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Room on October 10, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. Lewis Holman & Lawrence, 58, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
Auctioneers: J. D. ALEXANDER, ESQ., 61, Milton Road, Eastbourne; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars 1/-).

WORCESTERSHIRE

One mile from main line station.

Beautiful unspoilt country with fine uninterrupted views.

Delightful Georgian House in nicely secluded situation approached by a drive.

Lounge, hall, 3 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Company's electric light. Central heating. Excellent water supply (main available). Septic tank drainage. Ample stabling and garages. Lodge. Well-timbered gardens and grounds with large kitchen garden and parklike pastureland.

ABOUT 32 ACRES.

FREEHOLD, OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED. VACANT POSSESSION.

Sole Agents: Messrs. E. G. RIGHTON & SON, Estate Agents, Evesham; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (42,549)



Surrey-Berkshire Borders

Favoured Sunningdale area, golf courses.
On bus route, near village. London 50 min.



Attractive Residence of late Georgian character standing high, on sandy soil, with excellent views to the south and west. Lounge hall, 3 reception, servants' rooms, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Central heating, all main services, independent hot water. Double garage, stabling, 2 cottages. Beautifully timbered grounds. Stone paved terrace, loggia, lawns, rock, rose and kitchen gardens.

ABOUT 6 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD
Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (22,930)

Mayfair 3771
(10 lines)

Suffolk and Essex Border

Choice position in a well-timbered park,
150 ft. up on light soil facing south-west.



The Residence is approached by a drive with lodge; 4 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, kitchen with Aga cooker.

Central heating, electric light, well water supply, modern drainage, garages, stabling, cottage. Hard tennis court, 2 walled vegetable gardens, well-timbered park of 55 acres with lake.

In all 63 ACRES.

For Sale Freehold. Possession by arrangement.
Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (26,448)

West Argyllshire

Beautifully situated, facing south on the side
of Campbeltown Loch.



A Residence built of grey stone standing in 1¼ acres
Three public rooms, 4 principal and 4 secondary bedrooms; 3 maids' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, companies' gas and water; telephone, modern drainage, garage for 2 cars.

5 miles from a golf course.

FOR SALE

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (42,525)

Telegrams:
"Galleries, Wesdo, London."

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

Regent 0293/3377
Reading 4441

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1: 1, STATION ROAD, READING

Telegrams:
"Nichenyser, Piccy, London"
"Nicholas, Reading"

KENT—IN LOVELY SURROUNDINGS

This picturesque black and white Farmhouse type of property for sale.



About 600 years old, but completely modernised.

The accommodation comprises: Sitting room, 27 ft. x 24 ft., dining room, study, 2 double bedrooms, 2 single bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, well-equipped domestic offices, with maids' sitting room.

Main water, electric light, power. Garage for 12 cars.

Delightfully laid out garden, in keeping with the property, containing wide lawns, herbaceous, rose and kitchen gardens, 2 ponds, and hard tennis court, also meadowland.

IN ALL ABOUT 16 ACRES

Further particulars from the Agents as above.

HAMPSHIRE—ALRESFORD-WINCHESTER (between)

This attractive Queen Anne Residence

well built of brick and conveniently planned, is for Sale with Vacant Possession. The accommodation comprises: Three reception rooms, 3 double bedrooms, 4 single ditto, 3 bathrooms, usual domestic offices. Main electric light and power, central heating. Two garages.

Very attractive garden with lawns, herbaceous borders, large kitchen garden, in all about 4 acres.

Hunting with the Hampshire Hounds. Good shooting and trout fishing can generally be rented in the neighbourhood.
Further particulars from the Sole Agents as above.



LANGHAM COTTAGE, OAKHAM, RUTLAND. In the centre of the Cottesmore Hunt. TO BE LET FURNISHED for 3, 5, or 7 years. This well-known delightful small Hunting Box, STONE BUILT AND THATCHED, and in perfect order. Eight bedrooms with basins, 2 bathrooms, 3 charming reception rooms. CENTRAL HEATING, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER, GAS AND CAPITAL WATER SUPPLY. Lovely old-world gardens. Hunting stabling 10 boxes, garage, cottage, 3 fields. 18 ACRES in all, could be included or not as desired. Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

OXFORD
4637/8

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD AND CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING
NORTON
39

BERKSHIRE

Close to station (G.W.R.).

CHARMING SMALL MODERNISED TUDOR VILLAGE HOUSE

set in peaceful and secluded surroundings. Three reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER, MAIN WATER SUPPLY, TELEPHONE. Large barn and other useful outbuildings. Delightful pleasure gardens, kitchen garden and meadowland, in all about 6 ACRES. (The whole in good order.)

FOR SALE FREEHOLD with Vacant Possession upon completion.

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

OXFORD 6 MILES

Within easy daily access by bus or train.

MODERNISED STONE-BUILT HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Standing in nearly 2 ACRES of charming and highly productive garden. 3-4 sitting rooms, 6-7 bedrooms, bathroom.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. TELEPHONE.

Garage and useful outbuildings.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD with Vacant Possession upon completion.

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

OXON—BUCKS BORDERS

Aylesbury 9 miles, Princes Risborough 6 miles.

A VERY FINE GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 7 principal and 5 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT. AMPLE WATER SUPPLY. TELEPHONE. Stabling, barns and garages. Gardens, orchard and three paddocks, in all about 16 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD, with Vacant Possession upon completion.

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

Banbury 2 miles.

An exceptionally Charming and Well-Furnished

VILLAGE HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Three sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms and dressing room, bathroom.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER. MAIN WATER SUPPLY. TELEPHONE.

Garage. Pretty garden (gardener available).

RENT FURNISHED (for 6-12 MONTHS CERTAIN) £8 8s. PER WEEK

Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 8222 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London"



WEST KENT

$\frac{3}{4}$ hour from Charing Cross. Occupying a superb position with magnificent views.



Nine bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths, 3 reception. Co.'s gas, electricity and water supplies. Central heating. Two garages. Farmery. Three cottages. Delightful gardens and grounds including tennis court, orchard, kitchen garden, paddocks, and about 30 acres woodlands. The whole extending to about

47 ACRES
PRICE £15,000
FREEHOLD

Inspected and thoroughly recommended by the Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Regent 8222.) (K.29366)

COBHAM, SURREY

18 miles from Town. Excellent train service.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

THIS CHARMING AND BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE Occupying a delightful situation in this well-favoured part.



Central heating throughout. Co.'s electric light, power, gas and water. Main drainage. Drive approach. Tastefully decorated, whole in admirable order.

Magnificent hall 40 ft. x 35 ft., 3 fine reception rooms cloakroom, complete offices, servants' hall, 8 principal and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 staff rooms, bath-room.

Cottage, Garage, Glasshouse. Choice wooded grounds. Tennis lawn. Lovely rose, rock gardens. Productive kitchen garden, orchard, in all about $\frac{6}{4}$ ACRES. Highly recommended, **£18,500 FREEHOLD.**

Messrs. F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville Street, W.1, and Messrs. HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Regent 8222.)

BERKS AND OXON BORDERS

A WELL-PRESERVED PERIOD HOUSE AT SONNING

The Bridge House containing old-world lounge, 2 reception rooms, 5 or 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, compact offices, Corp. electric light and gas. Own water supply. Good repairs. Gravel soil. Garage and outbuildings. Lovely secluded and matured garden **OVER**

1 1/2 ACRES
For Sale by Auction at the London Auction Mart, 155, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, on Wednesday, October 30 next, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately beforehand).

Solicitors: Messrs. HALSEY, LIGHTLY & HEMSLEY, 32, St. James's Place, S.W.1. Particulars from the Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. (Phone: Regent 8222.)

By order of the Exors. of the late Mrs. G. B. Hankey.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

In the heart of the Cotswolds. 16 miles Cheltenham, 28 miles Oxford. $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours London. 500 ft. up. Beautiful views, hunting, golf (shooting and trout fishing available from time to time).

WHITESHOOTS, BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER

Freehold residential property providing comfortable stone-built house containing lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, dressing room, sewing room, 2 bathrooms and compact offices. Good water supply. Main electricity. Septic tank drainage. Domestic and central heating installations. Two cottages. Garage for 2. Stabling. Outbuildings. Beautifully laid-out gardens, kitchen garden and park-like paddocks.

In all about **50 ACRES**

WITH VACANT POSSESSION EXCEPT 5 PADDOCKS. FOR SALE BY AUCTION at the New Inn Hotel, Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos., on Tuesday, October 15, 1946, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately beforehand).

Solicitors: Messrs. PICKERING, KEYTON & CO., 4, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. Particulars and conditions of sale from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JOHN A. BLOSS & CO., Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos. (Phone 215), and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1 (Phone: Regent 8222.)

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (WIM. 0081)

BISHOP'S STORTFORD (243)

CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

2/- per line. (Min. 3 lines.) Box fee 1/6.

AUCTIONS

Adjacent to Kenwood and backing on to Highgate Golf Links.

HEATHFIELD, THE BISHOP'S AVE., N.2

Ideally situated in the Premier Avenue of North-West London. A delightful Modern Residence all on two floors. Standing well detached in grounds of over 2 acres, including tennis court, orchard, etc., 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms, 3 lovely reception rooms, winter garden, domestic offices with maids' sitting room. Garage 3 cars with chauffeur's flat over. Lease over 970 years, ground rent £72 10s. p.a.

Auction on October 2, 1946, by

GOLDSCHMIDT & HOWLAND

15, Heath Street, Hampstead 4404.

BERRY HILL, TAPLOW,

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Easy reach of Paddington.

FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY also suitable for Institutional and similar purposes, the Residence contains hall, cloakroom, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. Part central heating, main electric. Garages, stabling, farmery, lodge and 2 cottages. Squash racquet courts. 2-acre lake, secluded old-world gardens, rich paddocks, etc., in all **31 ACRES.** Vacant possession. For Sale by Auction at The Bear Hotel, Maidenhead, by

MESSRS. SIMMONS & SONS

on Wednesday, October 2, 1946.

Auctioneers' Offices: 12, Station Road, Reading, Henley-on-Thames, and Basingstoke.

WANTED

ANYWHERE. Wanted, Flat in large country house, labour-saving, unfurnished.—COL. GODMAN, Upaloug, Wheatheaf, Sherborne, Dorset.

AREA, LINE TENTERDEN TO WINCHESTER, ALSO RURAL SURREY. Agent's commission not required. Messrs. JARVIS & CO., Haywards Heath, Tel. 700, are instructed to act for a client requiring a Residence of character, with 6 to 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms at least, garage, one-man garden, light soil. Must be in good order and have main electricity and good water supply. Up to £15,000 will be paid for property with early possession or within a few months. Owners and Agents are invited to communicate with Messrs. JARVIS & CO., when an immediate inspection will be made.

BRISTOL (NEAR). Country House, 1 to 5 acres; must have 4 reception, 5 beds.—Box 575.

WEST HIGHLAND COAST. Croft or Cottage wanted to purchase, with good anchorage for launch within reasonable distance. Access to sea trout fishing added attraction.—Write Box 613.

FOR SALE

BORDERS OF LEICESTER, NORTHANTS AND RUTLAND.

16th-century stone-built Residence, completely modernised, together with charming old Mill converted to form a modern suite of offices. The residence contains a wealth of old oak and provides: Lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, library, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent domestic offices. Electricity, good water supply, modern drainage. The whole has been modernised regardless of cost and occupies an ideal situation amid lovely grounds and surrounding country. Outbuildings and 3 garages. For sale leasehold, together with the whole of the choice antique furnishings, which forms one of the finest collections in the district. Price £12,500, with early possession. —Particulars from DAKING & WRIGHT, Estate Offices, Broadway, Peterborough.

CLACTON-ON-SEA and Frinton-on-Sea

District. Choice Country Residence in excellent repair, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, extensive offices, lodge, bungalow, garage, stabling and greenhouses, kitchen garden, orchard and land of about 25 acres. Ideal for Country Club. Freehold, £12,000.—GARDNER & SPRIGGON, Auctioneers, Clacton-on-Sea.

CORNWALL. Attractive Cornish Coastal

Hotel. A strongly built stone and slated small Hotel overlooking, adjoining and fronting on favourite bay and sandy beaches: on bus route mile or two from town with ample amenities. Surf bathing, fishing, shooting, golf, etc. Three reception, 6-8 bedrooms (6 h. and c.), bathroom, etc.; splendid domestic offices with new 4-door Aga cooker; good gardens, excellent outbuildings and small annexe; garaging for 7 cars. Freehold. For sale fully furnished as going concern, £10,750, or near offer.—Apply Sole Agents: STOCKTON AND PLUMSTEAD, Mawna, Falmouth. Ref. 2266.

EDGWARE. Attractive, detached, double-fronted Residence of special interest to garden lovers. Five mins. station, shops, buses, etc. Three bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, fitted kitchen, garden room, garage, greenhouse. Specially large gardens. The whole in excellent order. Vacant possession August. Freehold £4,750 for quick sale. Immediate inspection recommended.—Apply Sole Agent, E. J. T. NEAL, F.S.I., F.A.I., 39, Station Road, Edgware, Middlesex.

EIRE. Messrs. GILLAND & CO., Auctioneers and Surveyors, 4, Spring Street, London, W.2. (Telephone: Paddington 8044/5) are receiving particulars of several choice estates for sale, and applicants seeking to purchase this type of property are invited to send their requirements to the estate offices at the above address. They are not retained by vendors.

FOR SALE

CAMBS AND HUNTS BORDERS. A charming Residence, modernised at great expense; pretty grounds; elevated position. Vacant possession.—Apply, EKINS, St. Neots, Hunts.

ESSEX VILLAGE, on main line L.N.E.R. and 3 miles Frinton-on-Sea. Well-kept Residence (built 1800) with 4 rec. rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, main services. Large garage and outbuildings. Charming old gardens with secluded paddocks; in all about 10 acres. Price £7,000. Freehold. Vacant possession.—Apply, MIDDLETON & SON, 75, Station Road, Clacton-on-Sea.

FROME, SOM. Delightful Residence with private walled-in grounds, orchard and paddock of over $\frac{6}{4}$ acres. Three rec., 6 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lodge, garage, greenhouses, tennis court; 2 cottages; all services. Possession. £7,000. Freehold.—Illustrated particulars, COLES & BASTIN, Estate Agents, Frome.

GUILDFORD AREA OF SURREY. Spacious but easily managed Country Residence set in most attractive grounds of about 10 acres. Contains 11 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms and billiards room. Good domestic offices. Central heating. Garages. Chauffeur's quarters, gardener's cottage, etc. To be sold freehold.—Apply, BUCKLAND & SONS, Auctioneers and Surveyors, 4, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1, and at Windsor, Slough and Reading.

HENLEY (above). On the wooded hills. Country House with 6-7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception, Co.'s services, 2 garages, $\frac{1}{4}$ acres. Freehold only £5,500.—Owner's Sole Agent, CLAUD AUSTIN, Henley-on-Thames, Tel. 686.

HUNTLEY 8 MILES. Gentleman's Residence with 2 acres of land. Six bedroom, 4 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, garage, outbuildings, greenhouse. Own water, and electricity supply. The land includes two paddocks, and walled garden well stocked. Rough shooting rights. Fishing available. Completely modernised and redecorated throughout. Freehold £4,500.—For the particulars from Messrs. CLEMENTS & TULLING, 53, Bell Street, Reigate, Surrey. Tel: Reigate 4055.

SURREY. Lovely woodland setting. Adjoining the Westworth Golf Course. Delightful modern house in the Georgian style. Beautifully appointed. Hall, 3 rec., 6 bed., 3 bath. All main services. Central heating. Double garage. Wooded grounds of about 3 acres. Freehold £11,000 (or offer) or would be let furnished.—Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Regent 8222. (S.50,991)

FOR SALE

KENT. Unique and rare opportunity of obtaining a 483-acre Modern Farm up-to-date 4-bedroom House, situated in picturesque well-known beauty spot, below 17 miles outside London, approached by private roads, and only $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from station. Excellent sporting estate, also 4 modern cottages, Cart sheds, cattle sheds, cow shed, 2 large barns, granary store, mixing shed, poultry houses, piggeries, row of stables, large garage. Water laid on in all fields. Modern machinery and implements. This land has considerable scope for building development. I.e. Camp site, Horse, Dog, Motor or Motor cycle Railing. Immediate vacant possession. Price, all at £37,000. Freehold.—Apply Sole Agents, AMBY BROS. F.A.I., 121, Rush Green, Catford, S.E.6. HITTER GREEN 398 and 2525.

LARNE, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland. For sale, Modern Residence built 1938. Vacant possession. Nine rooms, kitchen, etc. As cooker, central heating. Lease 9,999 years ground rent £14. Rateable valuation £5,000. Suit professional gentleman.—Apply, MRS. CHEN, Lansdowne Crescent, Larne, Co. Antrim. No agents.

LONDON. Lease for sale. Small house much sought after area close to West End. Very quiet. Four to 5 bedrooms, 2 to 3 reception rooms. Garden. Hot and cold in all bedrooms. First-class condition.—Box 617.

SURREY-SUSSEX BORDERS. Fully furnished and ready for occupation. Modern Residence high up amidst 8000 ft. of Trust lands, 41 miles from London. Nine bedrooms and dressing rooms (5 with hand basins), bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, bright central offices. Main electricity, central heating, double garage. Some $\frac{2}{4}$ acres of well screened grounds, easily maintained and with useful kitchen garden. The residence has recently been redecorated and is fully furnished at present being run as a superb guest house. £11,500 Freehold, with vacant possession including furniture, electric refrigerator, garden tools, etc.—WAT & SON, Chartered Surveyors, Wokingham, Berks. Tel: 777.

TO LET

DORSET COAST. Self-contained flat to let in country house; beautiful surroundings; in October. Prices £20, £30, £40 per month.—Apply Box 610.

KENT. To let, Furnished Suite in large country house. Panelled lounge, double bedroom, both 20 ft. x 20 ft., kitchen with electric cooker, bathroom, w.c. In village 15 minutes station, daily reach Victoria $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. Home farm. Price includes c.h.w., electric light and central heating, 6 gns.—Box 612.

Regent
4304

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

BUCKS

Convenient for Aylesbury, Bicester and Buckingham.
In a nicely sheltered position in rural country with south aspect and commanding good views.

A Charming Half-Timbered Residence
ORIGINALLY AN OLD FARMHOUSE, REBUILT
A FEW YEARS AGO



Lounge hall, 3 reception, 14 bed and dressing rooms,
3 bathrooms.

Main electricity and water. Central heating.
FIRST-CLASS SQUASH COURT WITH GALLERY
three cottages. Hunter stabling. Farm buildings.
expensive gardens with herbaceous borders, lawns,
tower and rose gardens, hard tennis court, kitchen garden,
pasture, arable, etc., in all

ABOUT 24 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. ONLY £8,000

Inspected and recommended by OSBORN & MERCER,
as above. (16,730).

A Lovely Old Tudor House in Glos.

Occupying a fine position adjoining a golf course and
National Trust land, commanding magnificent views.
**COMPLETELY RESTORED AND NOW IN FIRST-
CLASS ORDER.**

3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Electric light, excellent water supply (mains avail-
able). Central heating.

Fine Old Barn. Garage. Outbuildings.
Delightful pleasure gardens, grass terraces, ponds,
vegetable garden, orchards, woodland and pasture,
in all

ABOUT 39 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION.

Inspected and recommended by OSBORN & MERCER,
as above.

SURREY (under 25 miles from Town)

Occupying a quiet position in the delightful Kingswood
district within a few minutes' walk of the station.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

with 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

Companies' electric light, gas and water.

Large garden, but this has been ploughed up during the
war and will have to be entirely remade.

PRICE FREEHOLD £5,000.

POSSESSION NEXT DECEMBER.

Inspected by Sole Agents: Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER.
(17,710)

UNDER 30 MILES N.W. OF LONDON

In a fine position 500 feet above sea level with splendid views
An Ideal Property for a School, Institution, Country
Club, etc.



Large entrance hall, 4 reception, 20 bedrooms (most having
fitted basins, h. & c.), 5 bathrooms, splendid domestic
offices with servants' hall. MAIN ELECTRICITY AND
WATER. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.
TWO COTTAGES. STABLING. GARAGE. ALSO
SMALL BRICK-BUILT HOUSE, at present let at a
nominal rent. Beautifully timbered grounds, hard tennis
court, walled kitchen gardens, etc., in all about

30 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,659)

23, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1441

SUSSEX. OVERLOOKING THE SOUTH DOWNS



Convenient to Haywards Heath
and Leves.

**SUPERBLY APPOINTED
COUNTRY HOUSE** with
fine oak paneling, parquet
floors, choice fireplaces, and
luxurious bathrooms.

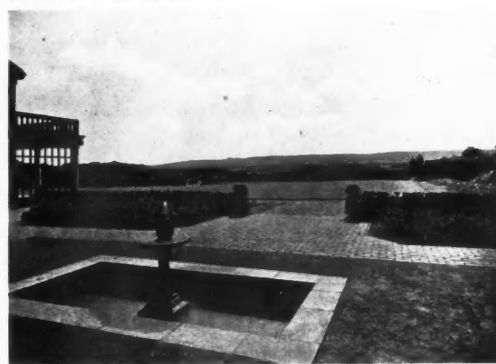
OCCUPYING ONE OF THE
FINEST POSITIONS IN
SUSSEX

11 bed and dressing rooms,
4 bathrooms, fine hall and
4 reception rooms. Lodge,
chauffeur's flat, garage and
stabling. Main electric light
and power. Central heating.

Pasture and woodland

ABOUT 141 ACRES

Inspected and strongly recom-
mended by Sole Agents:
WILSON & CO., 23, Mount
Street, W.1.



F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

NORFOLK, BETWEEN THE BROADS AND COAST

A really enchanting home in a picturesque setting amidst quiet, secluded and rural
surroundings.

A GEM OF GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE



Three reception rooms, 9
bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Well appointed, carefully
modernised, and in excel-
lent condition.

Central heating and main
electric light. Esse and
electric cookers.

Garage. Stabling.

Delightful gardens, orchard
and paddock.

**7 ACRES. FREEHOLD.
£6,750.**

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel.: Regent 2481.

SMALL ESTATE IN BEDFORDSHIRE

Easy reach of Luton and Dunstable. 34 miles London. With delightful views overlooking
Dunstable Downs.

ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE

Oak panelled galleried
lounge hall, 2 other recep-
tion rooms, 7 bedrooms with
fitted wash basins, 3 bath-
rooms.

Central heating. Electric
light. Garage. Cottage.

**GARDENS AND PAD-
DOCKS. 21 ACRES**

FREEHOLD. £9,750

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel.: Regent
2481.



184, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington
0152-3

**GENTLEMAN'S FIRST-CLASS
FARMING ESTATE, NORFOLK**
700 ACRES of highly productive mixed
lands in high state of cultivation and
affording excellent shooting with a
**VERY CHARMING RESIDENCE OF
CHARACTER** most attractively situated.
Four rec., 8 bed., 2 bathrooms, main
electricity. Secondary farmhouse, 2 sets of
very good brick buildings and several good
cottages. All in excellent condition. An
estate of importance and outstanding
quality, and which can be well recom-
mended. Within easy reach of Norwich. **FOR
SALE, FREEHOLD, WITH EARLY
POSSESSION. BENTALL, HORSLEY AND
BALDRY, as above.**

HAMPSHIRE, NEAR ALTON
50 miles London, lovely position.

GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

Most attractive Residence of Character.

3 reception, 7 principal bedrooms, 3 baths, 4 staff bedrooms, up-to-date domestic offices.
Central heating. Main water. Electric light. Inexpensive gardens. Tennis Lawn.

Bailiff's house. Four modern Cottages.
Excellent Farm Buildings. Very fine Cowhouse.

205 ACRES

Including 40 acres Woodlands.

THE WHOLE ESTATE FOR SALE.

FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

**GENTLEMAN'S FARM
FAVOURITE NEWBURY (about 1 hour)**
EXCEPTIONALLY WELL EQUIPPED
Farm having the great advantage of
Co.'s water and main electricity installed
throughout. **150 ACRES** mostly grass
bounded by trout stream; nice house
(4 bed with h. and c. basins, 2 bathrooms,
2 rec.); wonderfully good buildings, ties
for 34, with Beatty fittings and drinking
bowls; 2 very good cottages with main
water and electric light. The whole in
first-class condition and strongly recom-
mended to those seeking a first-class
farming estate with residential amenities
in a particularly favourite and accessible
locality. Freehold for sale, with possession.

Grosvenor 1553
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
West Halkin St.,
Belgrave Sq.,
and 68, Victoria St.,
Westminster, S.W.1

UNIQUE RESIDENCE ON WENTWORTH

Converted from Home Farm of a Manor, once part of Windsor Forest and owned by Edward III and Henry VII.



Lovely position near dormy and club houses. Charming views. Twelve bed, 6 bath., 5 rec. rooms and studio. Main services, complete central heating. Fitted basins. Garage 3 cars. Four cottages.

REALLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF 5 ACRES

For Sale with Vacant Possession with 5 or 2½ acres, or might be let furnished for long period.

Inspected and recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (D.1293)

BORDERS OF CAMBS, BEDS AND HUNTS

Charming 15th-Century Cottage Residence with possession.

Part tiled, part thatched roof. Some old oak. The Residence can be used as one or two houses. Half is let furnished. Tenant would give possession or remain as desired.

Five bed., 2 bath., 4 reception rooms, 2 kitchens (electric cookers). Main water and electricity. Constant hot water. Garage 2 cars.

1 ACRE OF GARDENS



GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.

3, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor
1032-33

WITHIN LONDON'S GREEN BELT—ONLY 16 MILES FROM LONDON BY ROAD

Station 1 mile. Potters Bar 3 miles. Hatfield 5 miles. Hertford 6 miles.



SOMEWHAT UNIQUE LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE ERECTED IN 1933 WITH GREEN PANTILED ROOF

500 feet up. Far-reaching views.

Two reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (green tiled).

MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER. SEPTIC TANK DRAINAGE. Two garages.

TERRACED GARDENS OF ABOUT AN ACRE
Flower beds, sunk garden with pond, kitchen garden, etc.
The property is well set back from road in a spinney of tall pine trees and oaks. Valuable frontages to two roads.



WILL ACCEPT £6,000 FOR IMMEDIATE SALE

FREEHOLD TENURE. POSSESSION END OF NOVEMBER. Personally recommended by Owner's Authorised Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

BERNARD THORPE & PARTNERS

32, MILLBANK, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 3012.

On instructions of the personal representative of the late Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor, P.C., O.M.

ON THE BORDER OF SURREY AND HAMPSHIRE

The well-known modern Country
Residence

BRON-Y-DE CHURT

Occupying a splendid position between Farnham and Haslemere, in natural wooded surroundings, 5½ miles from Farnham (Southern Electric), 41 miles from London, 15 miles from Guildford, comprising: 4 reception rooms, sun lounge, 3 loggias, 5 principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.

Excellent self-contained domestic offices comprising kitchen, scullery, maids' sitting room, 6 bedrooms and bathroom.



ELECTRICITY. GAS. CENTRAL HEATING.

Private water supply. Modern drainage. Four cottages. Garage for 4 cars.

And including lawns, pleasure grounds, 2 lakes, natural woodland, spruce plantations and a small grass paddock, the whole property extending to

ABOUT 66 ACRES

To be offered for Sale by Auction (unless sold previously by Private Treaty) at the LION HOTEL, GUILDFORD, on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1946, at 2.30 p.m.

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION (with the exception of one cottage).

Illustrated particulars and plans from the Auctioneers: BERNARD THORPE & PARTNERS, 32, Millbank, Westminster, S.W.1 (Tel.: Victoria 3012); or the Solicitors: Messrs. RHYE ROBERTS & Co., 5, New Court, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2 (Tel.: Holborn 0818/9); Messrs. ELVY ROBB & Co., Bank Buildings, 16a, St. James's Street, S.W.1 (Tel.: Abbey 2941).

And at
ALDERSHOT

ALFRED PEARSON & SON

FLEET, HANTS. Tel.: 118

And at
FARNBOROUGH

WINCHESTER—ALTON

In the heart of unspoilt country enjoying perfect seclusion.

QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE



Equipped with modern conveniences including central heating throughout, main electric light and power.

Four principal and 4 secondary bedrooms, 3 well-fitted bathrooms, cloakroom, 3 reception rooms and well-arranged offices.

Garden room and garage for 2 or 3 cars.

Matured grounds which are easy in upkeep in all about 4 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY VACANT POSSESSION

HANTS VILLAGE. A distinctive modern residence, exceptionally well built having labour-saving comforts including central heating and lavatory basins in bedrooms. In a sheltered position, 4 miles main line station. Five principal and 2 maids' bedrooms, bathroom, fine hall, 3 reception rooms, well-equipped offices. Garage and other outbuildings. Easily managed garden.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION

WILTS—GLOUCESTER BORDERS

In renowned sporting country.

RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

Attractive stone-built residence, 7 principal bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.

Central heating throughout and modern fittings.

Pretty entrance lodge.

Two cottages and farmery comprising 25 loose boxes and farm buildings. 160 ACRES in all but 125 ACRES are let off without buildings.



INSPECTIONS ARE STRONGLY RECOMMENDED. Price £14,500 FREEHOLD

5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)
Established 1875

By Order of Trustees

OXFORDSHIRE

BETWEEN CHIPPING NORTON AND SHIPSTON-ON-STOUR

A delightful Freehold Residential and Agricultural Property

THE GREAT ROLLRIGHT MANOR ESTATE

Including a stone-built Manor occupying a fine position 700 ft. up with beautiful views. 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, hall, 4 reception rooms. Electric light. Central heating. Ample water. Garages. Hunter stabling. Charming pleasure grounds. Ornamental pond. Paddocks.

MANOR FARM

HILL BARN FARM

COOMBE FARM

Over 20 cottages. Allotments. Accommodation land and holdings. Hunting with the Heythrop and Warwickshire. Shooting over the Estate.

ABOUT 835 ACRES

SUBSTANTIAL RENT ROLL

Freehold. For Sale privately or by Auction on Wednesday, 23rd October next. Vacant Possession of the Manor House, grounds, etc.

Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. FRANKLIN & JONES, Frewin Court, Oxford; and Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, London, W.1.

LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3056

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

BUCKS

7 miles main line station. Daily reach of London.

DELIGHTFUL PERIOD COTTAGE



3 sitting rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, etc.

MAIN ELECTRICITY
AND WATER.

Modern drainage.

GARAGE.

Old-world gardens and grounds with fruit trees.

Small paddock.

In all about 1½ ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD PRICE £4,500

Owner's Agents: LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1 (Gro. 3056).

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

SURREY

On high ground with good views. 1½ miles from main line station.

ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

7-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room.

MAIN WATER, GAS AND
ELECTRICITY. MODERN
DRAINAGE.

Central heating. Independent hot water.

Attractive gardens of nearly

2 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. PRICE £8,500

Agents: LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1. (Gro. 3056).



16, ARCADE STREET,
IPSWICH
Ipswich 4334

Over 500 ft. up. Extensive views from upper floor. **HERTS.** 1½ miles Hemel Hempstead. **EARLY 17th-CENTURY FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE**, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, main electricity and water. Walled gardens and large orchard 4½ ACRES. Garage, barn, etc. **POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £7,000.**—Inspected by Sole Agents, WOODCOCKS, 30, St. George Street, W.1.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Overlooking sea. Close shops and station. 3 reception rooms, 5-6 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent repair, all mains. Small garden. Greenhouse. **POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £4,500**, including some valuable fittings.—Inspected by WOODCOCKS, London Office.

500 ft. above sea, overlooking golf course. **LOVELIEST SURREY.** One mile Warrington Station, whence London reached in about 35 minutes. **LONG LOW-STYLE MODERN RESIDENCE.** 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 7 principal bed and dressing rooms, 3 servants' bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, maids' sitting-room, central heating, main services. Garage, cottage, stabling. Well-timbered grounds 3 ACRES. **POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £6,500 ONLY**, allowing for redecoration.—Inspected by WOODCOCKS, London Office.

CORNWALL. Charming Residential Farm, 298 ACRES with trout stream; beautiful manor type of house (3 reception, 6 bedrooms, etc.); ample buildings; cottage. **PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £8,000. POSSESSION.** Photo.—WOODCOCKS.

WOODCOCKS

High up, with magnificent views over River Orwell.



IPSWICH OUTSKIRTS (10 minutes main line station). Well-built Residence, facing south. Lounge hall, 4 spacious reception, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, all mains. 3 ACRES well-timbered grounds. Outbuildings. Also valuable Building Plot opposite, 1 acre. **BY AUCTION on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1946**, or privately.—Particulars, Woodcock & SON, Ipswich Office.

30, ST. GEORGE STREET,
HANOVER SQUARE, W.1
Mayfair 5411

HANTS. 5 miles Camberley, in very pleasant village. **MANOR HOUSE** (originally Georgian farmhouse, with later additions). 4 reception, 8 principal bedrooms, 3 dressing, 3 maids' bed, 2 bath, central heating, main water, gas (electricity available). Gardens, paddocks 5 ACRES (more available). Garage, stabling, groom's rooms, valuable farm buildings. **POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £7,000.**—Inspected by WOODCOCKS, London Office.

Charming unspoilt country—Quick daily run London. **NEWBURY** 7 miles. Reading 14. **RESIDENTIAL DAIRY AND CORN FARM**, New Farm, Compton; 591 ACRES fertile land. Wonderfully watered; attractive residence, main electric, modern conveniences. Nice gardens; exceptional buildings with Attested cow shed (40). Bailiff's house, 7 cottages; highly mechanised, corn-drying plant, concrete silo. **AUCTION NEWBURY, OCTOBER 31** or privately. Attested herd optional.—WOODCOCKS.

Quick electric service to London. **NEAR PETERSFIELD AND ALTON.** Choice Accredited **DAIRY FARM, 160 ACRES.** Comfortable house (bath., h. and c., main water, telephone, main electric near); excellent buildings with Accredited cowshed for 31; model cottages; tife and land tax free. **FREEHOLD £9,750.**—WOODCOCKS.

FAVOURITE PART OF SUSSEX. Residential Dairy Farm, 158 ACRES (72 pasture with river); modernised farmhouse with panoramic views; buildings; milk bail; 4 fine cottages. **POSSESSION. £10,000 FREEHOLD.** Dairy herd, etc., optional. Just inspected.—WOODCOCKS.

SALISBURY
(Tel. 2491)

WOOLLEY & WALLIS

and at RINGWOOD
& ROMSEY

TO LET

BORDERS OF HANTS AND DORSET

Private residence in a delightful village.

ATTRACTIVE EARLY 18th CENTURY HOUSE

with period features, set in well-timbered garden.

IN ALL ABOUT 6 ACRES

Six main bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, 9 servants' bedrooms or boxrooms, easily closed off if required. Excellent bathrooms and other offices.

Good stabling and garages, with living quarters above.

MAINS WATER AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The house is in good structural repair, but has until recently been occupied by the services and will be redecorated.

RENT—£250 A YEAR ON LEASE TO SUIT TENANT

Further particulars from the Sole Agents, as above.



BOURNEMOUTH

WILLIAM FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
E. STODDART FOX, F.A.S.I., F.A.I.
H. INSLEY-FOX, F.A.S.I., A.A.I.

FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS
BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON—BRIGHTON

SOUTHAMPTON:

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BRIGHTON:

A. KILVINGTON, F.A.I., F.A.

DORSET

10 miles from Bournemouth, 1 mile from Wimborne Minster. Adjoining Broadstone Golf Course.
The important and valuable Freehold Residential and Agricultural Estate



MERLY ESTATE

Including the imposing Georgian Residence, "MERLY HOUSE," 20 principal and secondary bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms and ample domestic offices. Companies' electricity and water. Central heating. Telephone. Excellent septic tank drainage. Outbuildings. Matured grounds, woodland, parkland covering an area of just over 42 ACRES. Extensive stables, garages and chauffeur's cottage. Walled-in productive kitchen gardens and glasshouses and 2 cottages, about 5 ACRES in all. Well-timbered park pasture land, Merly pond and woodland of about 25 ACRES. Enclosures of first-class pasture land and woodland in suitable lotted areas varying from about 9 ACRES TO 25 ACRES.

HIGHER MERLY FARM

Equipped with excellent house and ample farm buildings with just over 73 ACRES of pasture land and 2 cottages. Merly Post Office with cottage and garden. Detached cottage and garden. The property has considerable main and other road frontages. The whole covers an area of about

227 ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION OF ABOUT 70 ACRES

To be Sold by Auction in 14 Lots at St. Peter's Hall, Hinton Road, Bournemouth, on Thursday, October 17, 1946, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. LUFF, RAYMOND & WILLIAMS, Church Street, Wimborne, Dorset. Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

HIGHCLIFFE-ON-SEA, HANTS

About ½ mile from the coast and close to the borders of the beautiful New Forest.

The delightfully situated modern Freehold Residence



"SPRINGETTS"
SEA VIEW ROAD
HIGHCLIFFE-ON-SEA

Five bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, kitchen and offices. Companies' electricity, gas and water. Main drainage. Garage.

Pleasant garden with lawns, ornamental trees and shrubs. The whole extending to just over ½ ACRE. Vacant possession on completion

To be Sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Hinton Road, Bournemouth, on October 17, 1946, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. MASLEN & MASLEN, 596, Christchurch Road, Bournemouth. Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth

CORNWALL

Situated on high ground within a few minutes' walk of the quaint old-world town of Fowey with its picturesque Marine Scenery, 8 miles from Lostwithiel, 22 miles from Truro, 11 miles from Bodmin, and 38 miles from Plymouth.

THE WELL-PLANNED DETACHED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

"DILKHUSHA," FOWEY, CORNWALL

Approached by a carriage drive from the main road between Fowey and Lostwithiel, the House is substantially built of stone, cement rendered, with slate roof and contains Five bedrooms, boxroom, bathroom, dressing room, 2 reception rooms, complete domestic offices.

All the rooms are large and airy. Outside: Greenhouse, laundry with copper, wood shed and store.

Excellent garden and grounds with flower and herbaceous borders. Well stocked walled-in kitchen garden, the whole extending to an area of about

THREE-QUARTERS OF AN ACRE

Companies' water and electricity. Modern drainage.

Vacant possession on completion of the purchase.

To be Sold by Auction on the premises on Wednesday, October 2, 1946, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold by private treaty).

Particulars and Conditions of Sale may be obtained of the Solicitors: HUBBARD, RENDALL & KING, St. Austell, Cornwall; or of the Auctioneers: FOX & SONS, 44-52 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth; and branch offices. Also at Southampton and Brighton.

The Furniture and Effects will be Sold by Auction on the Premises on Thursday, October 3, 1946.

FOX & SONS, HEAD OFFICE, 44-52, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH (11 BRANCH OFFICES)
Telephone: Bournemouth 6300 (Five lines)

SOUTH HAMPSHIRE COAST

About ½ mile from the sea and village. 9 miles from Bournemouth.

A very soundly constructed Residence completely modernised with all comforts and conveniences and tastefully decorated throughout.

6 bedrooms (4 fitted with coloured wash basins and mirrors), beautifully fitted bathroom with shower, entrance lounge, dining and drawing rooms, cloak room, kitchen, good domestic offices. Company's electricity and power. Central heating. Main water and drainage.

Garage and 3-roomed flat over.

Delightful gardens and grounds including a quantity of ornamental trees and shrubs, lawns, orchard and kitchen garden.

The whole extending to an area of about 1 ACRE

PRICE £27,750 FREEHOLD

For particulars apply: FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

Particularly suitable for Scholastic or Institutional Purposes.

BURLEY, NEW FOREST, HAMPSHIRE

Situated within a few minutes walk of this delightful Forest Village and easily accessible to Bournemouth, Southampton, Lymington, Ringwood and Salisbury.

THE COMMODOUS DETACHED RESIDENCE

"MOORHILL," BURLEY, HAMPSHIRE

The property is held by lease for 1,000 years from December 11, 1837, at a Peppercorn Rent.

Constructed of brick with part tile hung elevations and having a tiled roof. About 25 bedrooms, boxroom, 4 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiards room and complete domestic offices. Garage for 4 cars.

Part central heating. Electricity from the Grid. Companies' gas and water. Septic tank drainage.

Pleasant garden and grounds with kitchen garden and orchard extending in all to about 2½ ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION OF THE PURCHASE

To be Sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Hinton Road, Bournemouth, on Thursday, October 17, 1946, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold by private treaty)

Solicitors: BLAKE, LAPHORX, ROBERTS & REA, 8, Landport Terrace, Portsmouth. Auctioneers: FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861. Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

WILTS



TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,803)

BICKLEY (Kent), 30 minutes London, electric trains. **CHARMING HOUSE** in secluded position, 7 bed (3 h. and c.), 3 bath, 3 reception. All mains. Three garages. Gardener's cottage. Productive gardens 1½ ACRES. £8,750 FREEHOLD. Strongly recommended.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,774)

TUDOR FARMHOUSE, COTTAGE AND 18 ACRES

BERKS (between Didcot and Wallingford). Charming small character Residence with oak beams, open fireplaces. Hall, 2-3 reception, 2 bath, 5 principal bed, staff cottage, 3 bed, bath, sitting, etc. Main electric. Aga cooker. Picturesque barns, garage. Lovely gardens and pastureland.—TRESIDDER & CO., as above. (16,237)

WANTED in W. Sussex, **SMALL HOUSE OF CHARACTER** or old Farmhouse, with good outbuildings and 10 ACRES or so.—"Mrs. H." TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

AVON VALE COUNTRY

5½ miles Chippenham. Outskirts village. Bus passes gate.

ATTRACTIVE QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

stone-built and tiled. Hall, 3 reception, study, 2 bathrooms and shower, 9 bed. Main electricity. Central heating. Esse cooker. Stabling, garages. Cottage. Nicely timbered grounds, orchard and meadow.

16¼ ACRES £7,000 Freehold. TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,803)

S. W. SANDERS, F.V.A.

SANDERS'

T. S. SANDERS, F.V.A.

MARKET PLACE, SIDMOUTH. Telephone: Sidmouth 41

IN A VALLEY OF THE QUANTOCKS

4½ miles Taunton.

Cream stucco, with tiled roof. A delightful modernised Country Cottage with 3 sitting and 3 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen with Aga cooker. Garden of about 1 Acre, including well-stocked fruit plantation and small paddock. Large garage and useful outbuildings. Low rates. Early possession. **FREEHOLD £3,000.**

SIDMOUTH

Attractive Modern Residence, well planned, best residential area, with entrance hall, lounge, study, dining room, 4 principal and 3 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Two garages. Good offices. Central heating. All main services. Small garden. With Vacant Possession on completion. **FREEHOLD £9,000.**

THE DEMAND FOR GOOD CLASS COUNTRY PROPERTIES IS INSISTENT. We are anxious, at all times, to hear from clients wishing to dispose of houses of character. Inspection made and expert advice given without fee. No charges incurred unless a sale results.

Telegrams :
"Wood, Agents, Wesdo,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON W.1

Mayfair 6341
(10 lines)

By direction of L. J. Milne, Esq.

AN EXCELLENT CORN-GROWING AND STOCK FARM

Specially adapted for mechanical cultivation, suitable for dairying and in a high state of fertility.

THE MANOR FARM, North Oakley, Basingstoke

Attractive farmhouse. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bed and 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, attics.

NEAR BASINGSTOKE

WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Well-fruited garden.

Commodious farm buildings with corn drier.

Bailiff's house and 6 cottages.

In all about 914 ACRES

Excellent partridge and pheasant shooting.

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) at the Station Hotel, Basingstoke, at 3 p.m., on October 16, 1946. Price of particulars 2/-.



Solicitors: H. DAVIS & Co., 42, Brook Street, Mayfair, London, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfair 9511/2). Auctioneers: SIMMONS & SONS, Basingstoke (Basingstoke 199), Reading and Henley-on-Thames; JOHN D. WOOD AND CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1 (Mayfair 6341).

DORSET—NEAR SHERBORNE

WELL-KNOWN RED BRICK 17TH-CENTURY SEAT



Six reception, 16 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, with main electricity supply and part central heating. Attractive grounds, with formal gardens. Garages, stabling. Four cottages.

WITH 22 ACRES
PRICE £24,000

Or more land up to 90 acres could be purchased.

Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (60,349)

SUSSEX WEALD

Tonbridge Wells 7 miles. Two miles from main line station.



Beautiful early Tudor house with original oak panelling recently restored at considerable expense. Eight bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception. Main water, electric light, modern drainage. Attractive garden. Three cottages.

About 30 ACRES
FOR SALE WITH
IMMEDIATE
POSSESSION
PRICE FREEHOLD
£15,000

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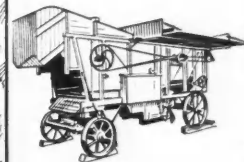
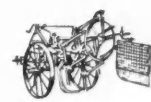
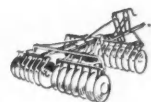
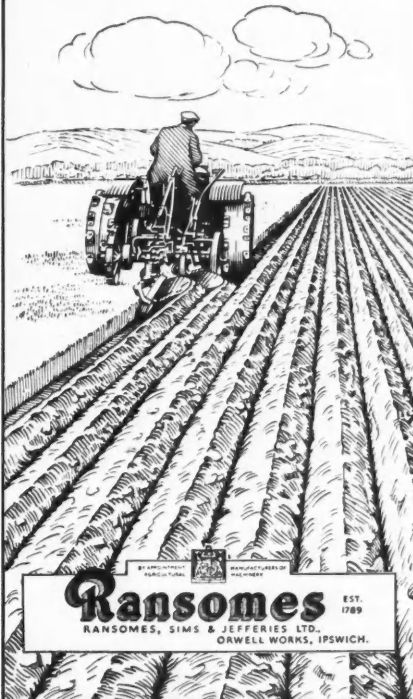
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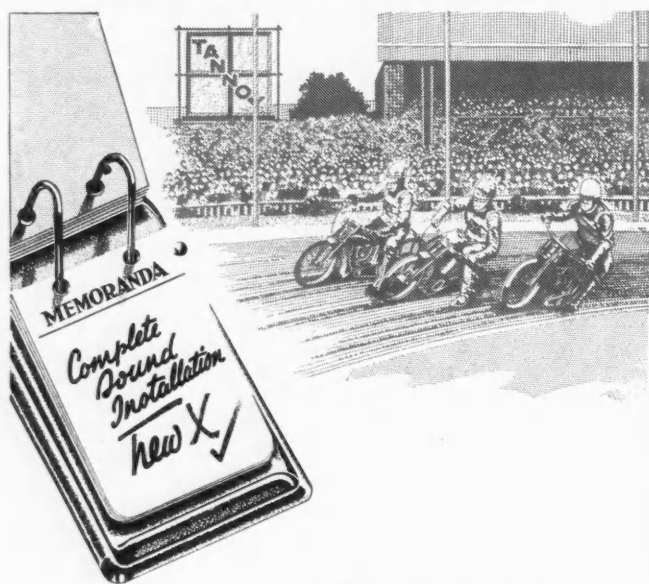
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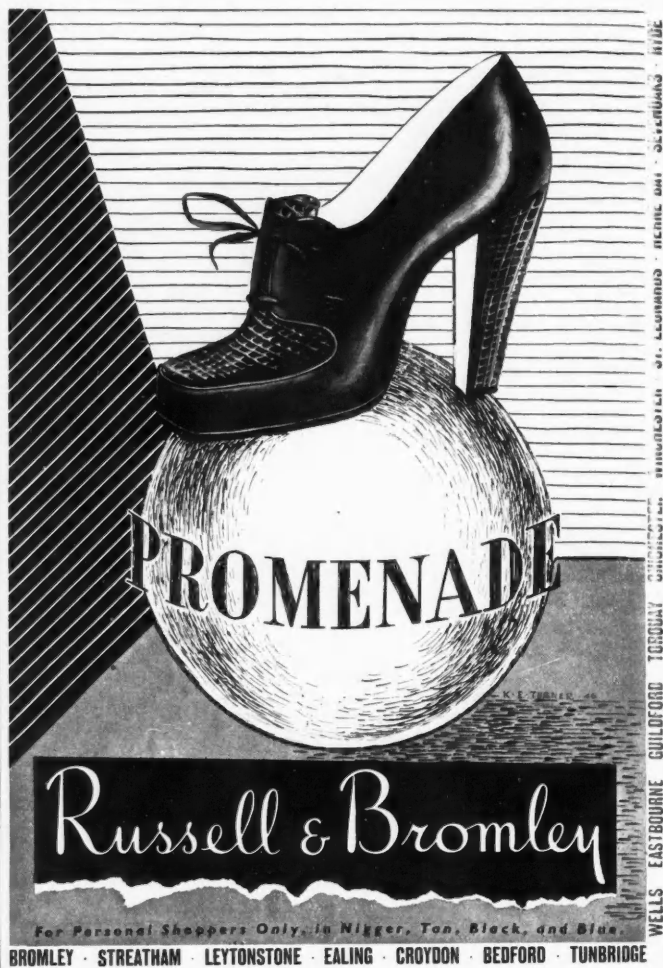
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CV-468

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No. 2593

SEPTEMBER 27, 1946



Yevonde

LADY CAROLINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL

Lady Caroline is the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Her engagement to Major Hugo Waterhouse, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Charles Waterhouse, of Middleton Hall, Bakewell, Derbyshire, was announced recently

COUNTRY LIFE

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ADVERTISEMENT AND
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TOWER HOUSE
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NATIONAL SHOP WINDOW

THE new Council of Industrial Design's exhibition, Britain Can Make It, opened by the King at the Victoria and Albert Museum on Tuesday, is an important event in the history and development of the national arts. After a longer break in the continuity of output in domestic goods than Britain has ever experienced, their design and production are being renewed on a fresh principle: namely that in dressing the Nation's shop window, the State has selected the things to be displayed rather than leaving the choice to the salesman and the private patron. COUNTRY LIFE has long advocated, and indeed practised at a similar pioneer exhibition thirteen years ago, the selective principle as such. But the consequence is that, at this crucial moment in Britain's export trade and internal reconstruction, preference is being given to the kind of things which people ought to like rather than to those that they have liked in the past, or that they might like now if circumstances were different.

So we shall go to see the line-up of starters in these national selling stakes with lively curiosity. Inevitably these remarks must be written before the event, but the general character and leading facts about it are clear. Sir Stafford Cripps, as successor at the Board of Trade to Mr. Dalton, under whose aegis in the Coalition Government the Council of Industrial Design was established on the recommendation of a committee under Sir Thomas Barlow, has revealed that the selection committees have really selected: of 15,000 items submitted by 3,300 firms, they have approved 5,200 from 1,200. The change-over from war to peace production has undoubtedly been stimulated by the decision to hold the exhibition so soon. And, although the necessities of supplying the export markets will still impose self-denial on would-be purchasers at home, two-thirds of the exhibits will be available here (though not necessarily procurable) by the end of this year. But some important classes of goods, notably cut glass and decorated pottery, are still to be entirely reserved for export.

It is also clear that the emphasis of the exhibition, as in its title, is on the making—good workmanship, good design, and good value for money—rather than on decorative extravagance or stylistic traditions of the past. In that respect those responsible for the exhibition are indeed following the oldest tradition of British crafts and manufactures, which have always been esteemed for their sound quality if for nothing else. But not all buyers in the markets of the world have been through our purging experiences in recent years, and it is possible that some of them may find our wares somewhat puritanical, lacking in the refinements of elegance. It is instructive to note that France, faced with a

similar situation to ours, is mobilising the incomparable resources of her cultural tradition as guide and inspiration to current production. Which approach will prove most effective? Time alone will tell. But workmanship is our long suit as spiritual vitality is that of France, and undoubtedly we have instinctively adopted the right course for ourselves. Yet it is probably true that the world has already realised, with horror, whither an exclusively mechanistic conception of planning and design can lead, and is ready for the re-establishment of human values no less in the arts than in institutions. In that direction British designers also have unsurpassed cultural resources on which to ponder and draw, if encouraged to do so.

ADMINISTRATIVE NEIGHBOURLINESS

IT was the neighbourliness of the local authorities of the Home Counties, their willingness to pool their brains and resources, and to avoid serious causes of difference that made possible the carrying out, almost in its entirety, of the Greater London Arterial Road Pro-

LONDON LANES

THE little Lanes of London Town
They straggle to and fro,
And some have jutting eaves above,
And cobbled stones below.
Where ghostly figures come and go.
For seven hundred years ago,
Before the town grew great and fair,
The little, twisty lanes were there,
From Bermondsey to Bow.

In Jack-a-napes the Cut-throats lay
Which leads to Hangman's Lane,
Where many a lusty Buccaneer
Went down, nor came again.
And Seething Lane, where Pepys held sway,
And where the ancient records say
That One Red Rose was all the fee,
Paid once a year. Ah, woe is me,
Where are such rents to-day?

What was the sacred Legend hid
In Loving Edward Lane?
Or Pest-House Passage, leading down
To Perilous Pool again
Sweet memories rise from Rosemarie,
Green Lettuce Lane, or Rose.
When London rises fair and free
Above the ruins now we see,
Spare one regret for those.

JOAN VERNEY.

gramme elaborated in friendly negotiations between 1913 and 1916. It is from those cases where unneighbourliness steps in and planning authorities adopt a self-sufficient attitude of non-co-operation that the headaches of the Minister of Town and Country Planning are likely to come. Keswick, to take a case at random, is refusing to join the English Lakes Joint Planning Committee. Its Urban Council fears loss of powers which would be merged into those of a larger authority. Perhaps also it fears undue industrial restrictions supported by co-opted members whose interests are national and not entirely local, and therefore condemned as "meddling interference." In West Cumberland as a whole there is becoming evident a lack of co-operation which will come to the surface during the hearing of the Ennerdale Dam case, in which the County Council and the Board of Trade will almost certainly claim that industrial needs are an overriding consideration, far outweighing aesthetic disadvantages in remote valleys. It is only by co-operation that such difficulties can be overcome, and by a friendly willingness to see each other's point of view. Government departments have just the same lesson to learn. The latest incursion into sane national planning of the War Office, for instance, is a proposal to retain for military training purposes large parts of Ashdown Forest. To this the Ministry of Town and Country Planning will surely not agree. It cannot be beyond the wit of man to provide elsewhere what the War Department requires, and the two Ministries ought to think things out together.

LONDON TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

THE recent conference on London Traffic and the London Plan showed an encouraging amount of agreement to co-operate among national and local authorities and the transport organisations so vitally interested in the replanning of highways in the great garrison of which Charing Cross is the traditional centre. It is now nearly ten years since Sir Charles Bressey wrote, in the invaluable Report prepared by himself and Sir Edwin Lutyens, that three years' discussion with representatives of public bodies throughout Greater London had shown how widespread was the desire that the lines of new routes should be authoritatively laid down. Since then such gigantic convulsions have taken place in our national life that new possibilities have become apparent. Obviously, Professor Holford, the joint author of the City of London Plan, was right when he said that the replanning of London should be seen as a vast combined operation involving the co-ordination of land use, architecture, traffic administration, education and research. In all these spheres the authorities concerned have both their individual and their concerted parts to play. The overriding consideration is that they should agree upon what Sir Charles Bressey called the "permanent governing features," and that to those governing features they should keep their more individual plans and interests subordinate.

GLEANINGS GALORE

ONE legacy of this troublesome and wasteful harvest is the extraordinary amount of shed grain that the binder has failed to incorporate in sheaves. Where the corn was lying all ways with some heads broken off, the most skilled operator and the best binder could not make a clean job, and several sacks of grain to the acre await the gleaner who is hard pressed for hen food. Farmers are giving permission readily enough to gleaners, as the fallen grain has no value for them beyond the capacity of their own hens running on the stubbles. There are a few fields where it may never be possible to harvest the grain by normal methods, and farmers, already behind with seasonal work, may have to abandon them altogether. Even from the worst-laid field some food can be saved by assiduity if the farmer allows the hen wife to collect what she can with a pair of shears or a hook. In some districts the War Agricultural Committees are planning to salvage crops that farmers decide to abandon. Hand-cutting will be a fantastically costly business, but while the country is so short of grain for stock feeding the German prisoners, the Poles and anyone else available can perform some useful salvage work in this way. British farming is said to be the most highly mechanised in the world. Even so, the amount of hand labour employed on some farms in this harvest must vie with the most backward peasant holdings in Eastern Europe.

WITH THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH

THERE are some subjects which can generally extract conversation from the most taciturn, and at any rate among the more elderly that of false teeth is one of them. They have lately been in the news through the story of a miner at Blaenavon who sneezed with such untimely vehemence that his two precious plates vanished in a flash into a vast cal-washing plant. Thence they passed into railway wagons and were ultimately discovered on a wagon unloading ten miles away, wholly undamaged. This is fully as miraculous as the story of a traveller in a sleeping car who put his teeth into the washing basin and then thoughtlessly tipped up the basin so that they vanished on to the line beneath. He rushed to the window and by happy chance saw that the train was just passing a small station of which he could read the name, and in due course a search party recovered his treasure, not a penny the worse. Sometimes a certain delicacy is needed, as witness a story that the late Mr. F. R. Burrow used to tell of the days when he was in control at Wimbledon. A small plate was found under one of the stands, and after mature thought a notice was issued, "Found a lady's gold and ivory ornament." The claimant was found too and all was well.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

YEARS ago in my youth when food was just food which appeared in enormous quantities regularly three times a day, with unlimited buttered toast and crumpets for tea if one required them, there was a gourmet in our regimental mess who specialised in salads. On Sunday nights, when there was the customary cold supper, with on the side table a salmon, a vast sirloin of beef, a colossal ham, and a few odds and ends in the way of cold grouse, partridges and meat pies, he functioned at the salad bowl with a mess waiter in respectful attendance to pass the requisite condiments. In the opinion of this major, for needless to say he was a major, those who ate their salad dressed with one of the proprietary creams were almost in the same category as those who eat peas with their knives—in any case they were obviously men so utterly devoid of palates that good food was wasted on them. I forget now all the details of the salad-dressing rites performed over the salad bowl, but the main ingredients of the mixture in the big spoon which he held in his left hand were mustard, salt, pepper and sugar with just enough white wine vinegar added to dissolve them, and then with a very generous hand he poured in again and again spoonfuls of a very special olive oil supplied, not by the local grocer, but by the regimental wine merchant!

I DO not think this salad-dressing officer distinguished himself particularly in any of our many wars, as I do not recollect his commanding a brigade, or even the battalion, and perhaps the only thing one can put to his credit was that he taught a number of careless young subalterns—the type that will cut hams the wrong way and hack the sirloin—to appreciate good food, and particularly good salad dressing. In other days I used to feel grateful to the major for his instruction in salad dressing, which he had drilled into me in my youth, but since 1940, when olive oil disappeared entirely from our shops, and also from our tables, I was not so certain about it. I thought of him sometimes almost with resentment, but to-day all that is changed, temporarily, for when, under Press pressure, the Board of Trade recently disgorged all the parcels that they had been storing up in some vast building to rot, one was delivered to me from Cairo, and in it was a litre tin of the very finest olive oil from a Greek grocer! I was never quite certain that Virgil had any justification for his general condemnation of the Greeks, and I am now altering his well-known lines to: *Amo Danaos, et dona ferentes*. As *amo* is the first Latin word that I learnt, and almost the only one I remember now, it is an extremely lucky fluke that I am in a position to revise Virgil's work and alter his lines to suit the occasion.

THE only adjective which adequately describes the weather of this summer is indescribable. I do not know what students of the English language will think of the foregoing contradictory sentence, which seems to offend the ears almost as much as the weather offends the senses, but, like the gentleman who was criticised for composing an improper verse that did not rhyme, I can only say that anyway it is the truth. For some time our meteorological experts compared the weather of this year to the summer of 1912, but now they have had to go back a further thirty-three years to the grim 1879 for an adequate comparison, and at the time of writing it looks as if they will have to go back farther still if there is any year on record which was worse than 1879. Incidentally, the most unpleasant aftermath of the ghastly wet summer of 1879 was a fog "unparalleled in our annals which almost without intermission



F. R. Winstone

UNDER THE MARKET HOUSE AT TETBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

brooded over London from November to the following February." It is to be hoped that we shall be spared this, and at the time of writing there is still just a faint hope that an Indian summer in the latter part of September may do something towards salving a portion of the damaged harvest.

This, I remember, was a feature of the very wet summer of 1912. I have a vivid recollection of its coming towards the end of my first and very wet horse-caravan trip. Attracted by the warm sunny weather late in September, we remained camped in tents and van on a very open and desolate stretch of the Sussex coast (there are rows of bungalows there to-day) long after the time when all wise campers should be safely back in their homes. When the weather broke again early in October, it did so with a vengeance, in the form of a violent southeasterly gale with driving rain, and caught us totally unprepared. The discomforts of our packing up and hurried retreat through three counties in a constant torrential downpour are among the few unpleasant details of my life which my very selective memory allows me to remember.

A correspondent has sent me some extracts from *Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary*, which it is believed was published between 1710 and 1750, and few copies of which exist. The writer complains of the lack of meteorological experts in the early part of the eighteenth century. "There is nothing more wanting than a just Theory of the Weather on Mechanical Principles, but the imaginary Prognostickations of Almanack writers have been found to be a mere delusive Cant or Jargon." If Mr. Miller had lived until 1946 he would have realised how far we have progressed when all the resources of Mechanical Principles foretold fine weather for the day of the Victory parade.

AT the conclusion of the war two facts were plainly obvious—a deplorable house shortage, owing to which demobilised ex-Service men were unable to reconstruct their normal married lives after six years of separation, and a vast number of first-class, but empty, Army and Royal Air Force huts in every corner of the land. It is admitted that the two Services concerned could not hand over their big camps until "the situation had crystallised," but dotted about here, there and everywhere were innumerable anti-aircraft, searchlight and detachment posts of from six to twenty huts that could be of no possible use to the Forces, unless another war broke out in the immediate future. The great majority of these hutments, incidentally, are palaces as compared with the depressing pre-

fabricated erections which are coming into being, and all of these huts, if there had been anyone in authority capable of making up his mind and putting his decision into action, might have been handed over to the housing authorities at once.

I do not know what happened in other areas, but in this particular district the housing committees viewed the many unwanted hutments, thought it over and talked about them, wrote to competent authorities, who were either incompetent or not the right sort of competent authorities, and nothing whatsoever was done for over twelve months—so the boys of the village partially wrecked the huts. Now all the empty huts in the land have been taken over by that great army of married demobilised men, who during the last year have learnt to their cost "how salt is the taste of another's bread, how hard a path the going down and going up another's stairs," and I for one do not blame them. The disturbing feature is that their action has destroyed the sanctity of the queue, which the most pushful of us have had to respect during recent years, for the great majority of those who have "jumped" the huts are right at the bottom of the list of those to be accommodated.

THE work of J.P.s must be particularly distasteful these days when the discovery in the pig bucket of a piece of bread as blue-moulded as that long-departed and deeply mourned luxury, the Stilton cheese, may result in a police court prosecution. The question which worries so many people to-day is the correct disposal of the remains of a loaf, which through some unforeseen circumstance has not been eaten at once, and which retaliates by producing a penicillin fungoid growth all over it. A day or so ago an old woman was seen making her way furtively down a wayside lane and, when she thought she was unobserved, she pushed a brown paper parcel into the bottom of the hedge. When asked in a conciliatory pleasant manner what she had hidden, she admitted it was a few crusts of bread; "My neighbours and I used to give them to a man who kept a pig, but we daren't do it now as they summons people for it; so every week I take any crusts that are wasted and hide them here."

I suppose that it is the only thing the poor old lady can do, but during a recent case of this nature the J.P. on the Bench, when administering the fine, added unnecessarily: "I eat my crusts." This would suggest that, being that way inclined, he might go further and oblige by eating up those of others, and if, instead of a pig, a J.P. eats them, it must be all right.

THE ROAD TO ILFRACOMBE

By R. T. LANG

EVERY West Countryman knows Ilfracombe, but it seems to be singularly undiscovered by the people of the east and north of England. Searching for a reason for this, I think it comes from the travellers' tales of the awful road to it. Porlock Hill and its satellites have been painted in lurid colours. These tales were not unjustified, for Porlock was a test in the early days of motoring. My first taste of it was in the long-ago when we carried a sprag for such hills. It was dropped and trailed behind; if the engine stopped the sprag held the car firm till the engine recovered herself.

Even since then our lot was still uneasy. It is not yet 25 years since I drew up a Scottish tour for a friend; after a few days he wrote to me that he had been compelled to return to England as his car would not take the hills! It was a 10 h.p. by well-known makers whose 8-h.p. model now sails up these hills without a tremor. Cars and roads have improved enormously in this interval, so that there is now nothing on the Ilfracombe road to cause fear or anxiety.

There are several routes, but I prefer that by the Bath road, from London, for 65 miles to Beckhampton, there to switch off to the south-west, across the line of the great Wansdyke,

supposed to have been built by the Britons about A.D. 500 as part of their long and gallant defence against the invading Saxons. Then into Devizes, once "The Vies" where Fanny Burney found a boy of ten with "astonishing skill in drawing" who was afterwards Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was here, too, that a public authority, in 1857, shocked the local newspaper into loud-voiced protest by admitting ladies to its dinner for the first time!

On the cross in the market-place is the famous warning panel of Ruth Pierce, a market-woman who, on a day in 1753, swore that she had paid for some goods, adding that she might drop down dead if this were not true. She promptly fell to the ground dead, with the money clasped in her hand. There are many old houses in the town, but those who are interested in antiques should drop into the Wiltshire Archaeological Society's museum in Long Street, where there is a fine collection of Wiltshire antiquities.

So on through Seend, which John Aubrey thought to turn into a spa but nothing came of it, and through Trowbridge (John Leland's "Throughbridge"), where a city, under Dunwallon, is said to have existed 2,500 years ago.

The fine spire of St. James's rises over the town; within the church is E. H. Bailey's monument to George Crabbe. His chair is in the vestry; *Tales of the Hall* was written at the 15th-century rectory. In the churchyard lies Sir Isaac Pitman, of shorthand fame. Trowbridge is still a woollen town, but its greatest importance now is as the headquarters of the County Council and of the United Dairies, whose collecting-vans and counters are such a feature of every road in the west.

Four miles more bring us to Farleigh Hungerford, with its fragment of the 14th-century castle of the Hungerfords, their chapels, and, in that of St. Anne, the tomb of Sir Thos. Hungerford who, in 1377, was the first Speaker of the House of Commons. At Norton St. Philip you may see, at the George Inn (1397) and said to be the eighth oldest inn in England) the table which the Duke of Monmouth used on the night before Sedgemoor; then through pretty old-world scenes to Wells, the glory of the West. I think it is this country's perfect example of a mediæval city.

Its beginning was with the Romans; in 909 the bishopric was founded and the cathedral was begun in 1174. It has what is probably the finest west front in England, dedicated in 1239. There is much to see in the cathedral and there are excellent guides to take one through. Civil servants may like to visit the Vicar's Hall, where they may inspect what is believed to have been the first of all filing systems, 500 years old. The Vicar's Close and the Chain Gate are lovely places, and the Great Hall, the tithe-barn and the wells complete a picture of mediæval glory. Around are Bubwith's alms-houses, 1408-24, St. Cuthbert's church of the fifteenth century, the Crown Inn of the seventeenth and many quaint old streets and houses.

Wells makes one wish to linger, but other interests lie ahead. Six miles south comes Glastonbury, the heart and origin of the early Christianity of these islands. For here, according to well-supported local tradition, in A.D. 60 came Joseph of Arimathea, with eleven companions, to bring the Gospel of Christ to Britain. They built a wattle-and-daub church, which was still existing when St. Augustine came here in 597. Somewhere here they are said to have buried the Holy Grail.

According to legend a thorn tree grew where Joseph rested his staff; a stone still marks the spot. The Blood Spring is said to indicate where the body of King Arthur was first laid; Henry II re-interred it and that of Queen Guinevere before the High Altar of the abbey, and here John Leland saw them in the sixteenth century. The exact age of the abbey is unknown. St. Patrick is said to have founded a convent here, and, in 704, King Ina gave a charter to the "old church"; it was in existence in 1130 but was destroyed by fire in 1184. Then Dunstan established the place as a seat of learning and the great abbey was begun. Other objects of interest are the Abbot's Kitchen, a 14th-century relic of domestic offices; the Tribunal, which was the abbot's court-house; the women's alms-houses, of about 1512; the men's alms-houses, across the road, a good deal older; St. John's church, built in 1485; the tithe-barn; the museum; and the old George Hotel, dating back to 1475.

Then through Street, which supplies its share of England's boots and shoes, after which the road skirts the edge of disastrous Sedgemoor Plain, leading thence straight away to Bridgwater, rich in memories of its illustrious son, Admiral Blake. The market has been in existence since 1201 and Bridgwater is now the distributing centre for all west Somerset. Here the homely "Bath bricks" are made from the mud and stone of the riverside. The church of St. Mary Magdalene (1420) has a very beautiful interior, but the finest object of interest in the town is the war memorial by John Angel.

THE GATEHOUSE OF FARLEIGH HUNGERFORD CASTLE, BUILT IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD III



a lovely piece of sculpture. A giant figure of Civilisation sits triumphant on her throne, with Strife, Bloodshed, Corruption and Despair at her feet. Would that it were true to-day!

There is a fine, lofty church of the fifteenth century at Cannington, and a fragment of the Benedictine nunnery of 1138 where "Fair Rosamund" received her youthful education. There are a chapel and a priest's chamber in the

at the Ship Inn, where Robert Southey stayed in 1799. The toll runs from 1s. to 2s. for cars, down to 3d. for bicycles. Pedestrians can use the road without charge. A height of nearly 1,400 feet is reached at Oare Post; half a mile beyond it a foot-path leads right to what is claimed to be the smallest complete parish church in England. At Culbone, it is mainly of the fifteenth century and is only 33 feet by 12 feet; it is known as the secret church, from its secluded situation.

Three miles farther, Oare church lies less than a mile to the left; here Lorna Doone was shot before the altar by Carver when, instead of the bridal kiss, Jan Ridd relates that he "had to face a flood of blood upon the altar steps and at my feet fell Lorna." There are 18th-century box pews in the church and a quaint panel showing Peter Spurrier, an early 18th-century warden, in the likeness of Moses.

Just beyond, the road enters Devon, of whose beauty and maids so much is sung.



THE SHIP INN AND THE WHITEWASHED COTTAGES OF PORLOCK, IN ONE OF WHICH R. D. BLACKMORE IS SAID TO HAVE WRITTEN *LORNA DOONE*

*Oh! the little maids of Devon
They have voices like a dove!
And Jacob's years of seven
One would serve to have their love,
But their hearts are things of mystery
A man may never prove.*

Which the stranger may bear in mind when he



THE GEORGE HOTEL AT GLASTONBURY, BUILT IN 1475 BY THE MONKS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF PILGRIMS

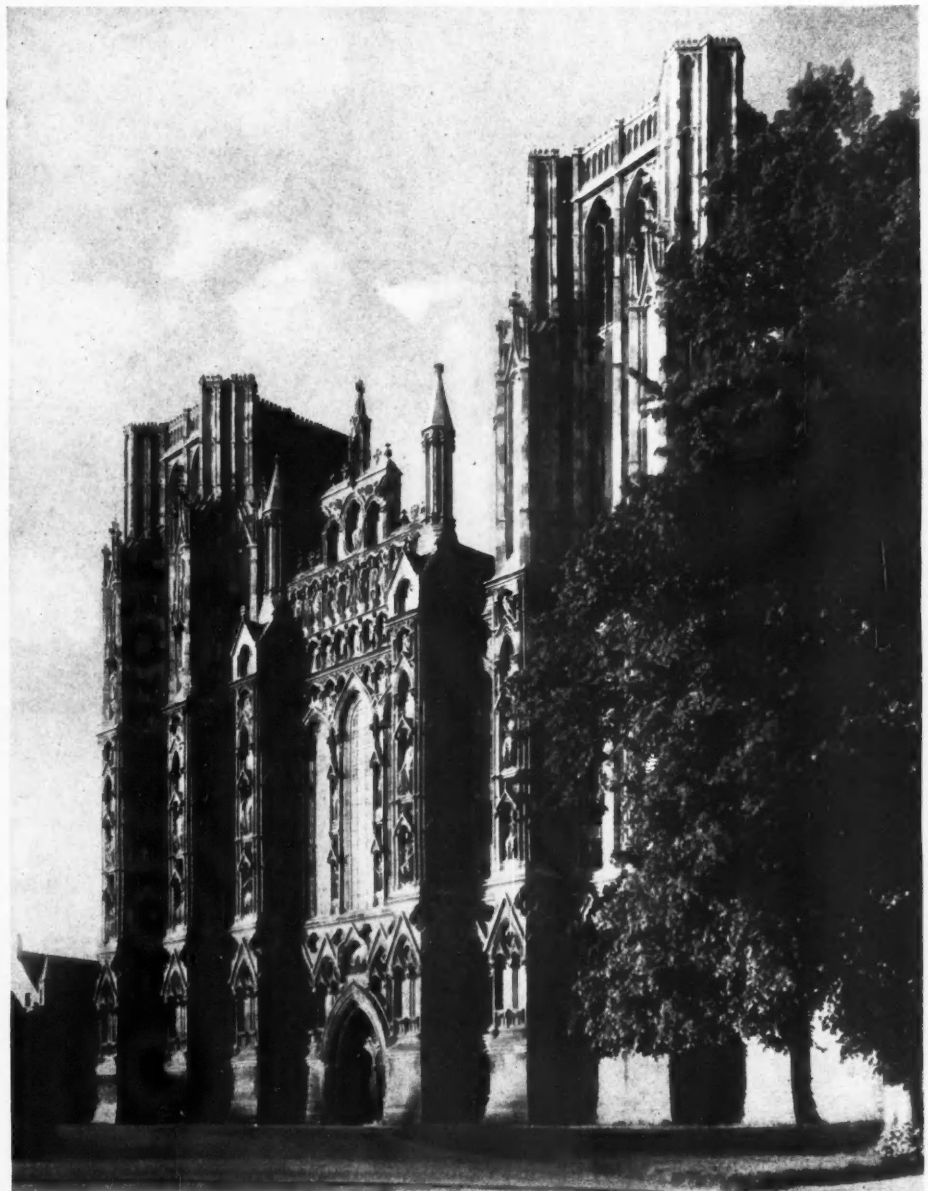
(Right) THE GLORIOUS WEST FRONT, PROBABLY THE FINEST IN ENGLAND, OF WELLS CATHEDRAL

old manor-house. Some poetically beautiful country follows through Nether Stowey, with the cottage, now preserved by the National Trust, at which S. T. Coleridge wrote *The Ancient Mariner*. There is another poetic memory at Alfoxton Park, where William Wordsworth wrote *We Are Seven*.

Charming views of sea and country open out on the road to Williton, a pleasant little town with two old crosses, one in the churchyard and the other near the Egremont Hotel. There is a beautiful screen in the 15th-century church of Carhampton, 5½ miles west, and, within the next mile, a grand view is obtained, over to the left, of Dunster Castle, the partly-Elizabethan home of the famous Luttrells. At Alcombe one may diverge to the right for a short mile into Minehead which, with its old church full of historic interest, its ancient houses, tree-lined streets, pleasant promenade and sands, wonderful views and mild air, makes a delightful spot for a holiday. North Hill, rising to 800 feet, is a maze of pines, heath, gorges and glens, where many happy days can be spent.

Then, through a succession of beauty-spots, on to Porlock, where the white-washed cottages nestle, among their banks of flowers, around the 15th-century church. R. D. Blackmore is said to have written *Lorna Doone* in one of these cottages. Although it is a haven of peace to-day, Porlock has known its troubles. It was a hunting residence of the Saxon kings; in 918 a band of Danish pirates entered the harbour, where many were slain by the local people and the rest were left to die of starvation. In 1052 Harold, the son of Godwin Earl of Wessex and later Harold II, came here with nine ships, set fire to the town, slew many of the inhabitants and carried off a great deal of booty. Porlock had to pay for its royal patronage.

Now comes the hard, winding ascent of far-famed Porlock Hill, with a gradient of 1 in 11, but it can be avoided by taking the toll road

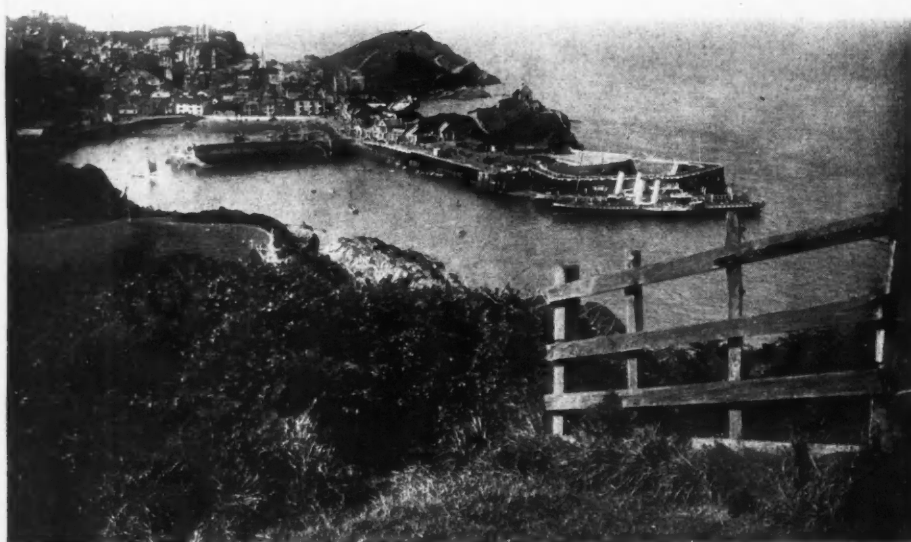




THE FAN-VAULTED SCREEN IN THE 15TH-CENTURY CHURCH OF CARHAMPTON



LYNMOUTH PIER, FROM WHICH THE PRODUCTS OF THE EXMOOR MINES WERE SHIPPED IN MEDIEVAL TIMES



ILFRACOMBE HARBOUR. A LIGHTHOUSE ABOVE THE HARBOUR WAS FORMERLY A PILGRIMS' CHAPEL

hears the "voices like a dove" of the sirens of Ilfracombe!

The road is now over wild moorland, where the air blows fresh and keen, to the steep descent into Lynmouth, which Robert Southey described as "the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabids, I ever saw." For 400 years the herring fishery was its main industry; now it lives on its beauty. Through the generosity of local people and the enterprise of the Council, many of the lovely places around have been preserved for the public for all time. The picturesque scene is enhanced by the tower on the pier from which, in mediaeval days, the products of the Exmoor mines were shipped. The hydraulic cliff railway, 880 feet long, with its gradient of 1 in 2, is the steepest railway in the world; it was built by Sir George Newnes in 1890.

Then up the hill, leaving Lynton and the famous Valley of the Rocks to the right, on a hilly, moorland road to Blackmoor Gate, where we turn right for Combe Martin, once a centre of silver mining; Edward III largely defrayed the expenses of the French wars from the ore produced here. The old church was described by Marie Corelli in *The Mighty Atom* and lady travellers will be interested in the life-size monument of 1634 to Mistress Judith



THE CHURCH AT COMBE MARTIN, A VILLAGE WHICH WAS ONCE THE CENTRE OF A FLOURISHING SILVER-MINING INDUSTRY

Hancock, which is a perfect reproduction of the dress of her period. Combe Martin Bay provides some charming coastal scenery; indeed, the sea and the cliffs are close companions all the way to Ilfracombe.

Beautifully situated, this resort's popularity will be understood at sight. Capstone Hill protects it from the cold winds and, along the face of the hill, the Victoria Promenade has been cut and partially glass-roofed. It is used for concerts and other entertainments. Originally the Saxon town of Alfreincombe, Ilfracombe became a port, so that, in the reign of Edward III, it supplied six ships and 96 men to the navy. The lighthouse, above the harbour, is an ancient pilgrims' chapel, which shows a fishermen's warning light during the winter. Holy Trinity church, well restored in 1878, has a splendid wagon roof and a Norman tower with 15th-century battlements and pinnacles. Adjoining the church is a lovely Garden of Remembrance. Ilfracombe possesses unique bathing facilities; some of the bathing coves are approached by tunnels through the rocks. There is excellent fishing and the climate, one of the mildest in England, makes it an ideal holiday centre.

HUNTING FISH UNDER THE SEA

By DENIS CLARK

I BROUGHT back from Nice recently a long parcel with the cheering words *Ravitaillement certain!* prominent on its label. The French are imaginative, and this particular message held as much significance on the Riviera in the summer of 1946 as anywhere else in Europe. Imagine the case of your new twelve-bore decorated with the legend **THIS WILL FILL YOUR LARDER!**

The brown paper contained two long sections of blue tubing, one fitted with pistol-grip, trigger and fishing-reel. A three-foot-long harpoon and a seven-foot spiral spring made up the equipment which, assembled, armed me for the under-sea chase. But perhaps I had better begin where my preoccupation with things submarine first began. In 1938, round the Corsican coast, I discovered the charm of the use of under-sea glasses. Though my prizes were scanty (most notable being certain enormous, tall shellfish wrenched from their hold ten feet down) these initial explorations served to open my eyes to that wonderful world which awaits everyone just underneath the sea's surface. Fascinated, I determined to see more and more, but the war intervened.

Then, on my first return to the Mediterranean as a civilian, I discovered that during the years of the occupation a regular cult of *la pêche sous-marine* has developed, with its recognised outfit and weapons, hunting-grounds, clubs and, already, Nimrods of legend. It has even obtained its own literature. Lengthy and well-illustrated works have been published on the new sport, which has won enormous popularity on the south coast of France. Obviously, the Mediterranean, warm, placid and clear for so many months in the summer, is an ideal place for such hunting. Yet there are frequently times when the coastal waters

ing is done through the mouth while the hunt is in progress. The hunter swims with face immersed, searching the bed of the sea, the rocks, weeds and caverns, until he views his prey. Then he swims or dives to attack.

The arms used are of various kinds, their chief distinctions lying in length and quality of workmanship. There are under-sea pistols for light work at point-blank range, short guns and guns more than six feet long which, while requiring more practice in handling, are probably in the end the most effective. Most consist of little more than a thin metal tube containing the spring and loaded harpoon, with a pistol-grip and a reel at the point of balance. The hunter swims with his gun balanced easily in his left hand until he is ready to shoot. In the shooting position the weapon lies on his right shoulder; his right hand holds grip and trigger, while his left hand helps to aim and steady when firing. In practice the operation is very much easier than it probably sounds. Effective range is seldom more than four yards.

With this equipment and at such ranges fish ranging in size from mackerel to tunny may be hunted. Mediterranean prizes include sea perch, mullet, bass, octopus, ray, jew-fish, tunny and swordfish, besides a whole aquarium of other fish, large and small, unknown in our northern waters. All these have been slain with the harpoon fired under water, the chief limiting factor in the pursuit of really big fish being the ability of the hunter to retrieve what he has shot if it sinks, a dead weight, in deep water.

Readers may be surprised at the short range mentioned, and may ask: "Why, then, bother about a gun? Why not use a fish-spear or trident if you can get so close to your target?" The answer is simple. Fish-spears are used with effect from outside and above the surface, where the arm which thrusts or projects them is not handicapped by a surrounding and depressing volume of water. As will be seen presently, much of the best hunting is to be found at depths to reach which the hunter must expend a considerable effort. Down there he could not make effective attacks with the sole power of his arm. Besides, once under water, his movements would be so delayed that a fish could dodge them with ease.

Others may wonder why a more powerful propulsive agent than springs, for example, is not used to give longer range. The answer here is that the range obtained by a good spring is ample for the distance at which fish may be approached and effective under-water aiming made. Greater power would also result in the fracture or bending of the harpoon which, whether it hits or misses, very often comes into violent collision with rocks. Besides, it is very important that the gun should be light and easily reloaded by the hunter while he is still in deep water. Springs fulfil all these requirements.

Given that the novice submarine hunter is an adequate and confident swimmer, there remains for him a gruelling but fascinating apprenticeship if he is to become a sea-marksman capable of pursuing and winning all the best prizes the waters can offer. This is his training in diving deep, to an ideal maximum of between thirty and forty-five feet. He can attain this only by constant practice. He must learn to dive smoothly without making any splash, for his prey are more frightened by noise than by anything else. In most cases, unless they have been hunted often before, they are not alarmed by the sight of man under water. In their caverns and holes, their resorts, they are confident of their immunity, even when they see him approach.

At first, after descending eight or nine feet, the beginner will suffer an aching in eyes and ears. Practice will abolish this, and he will soon discover that the discomfort only arises at twelve to fifteen feet. He must persevere gently, until he is able to descend to his maxi-

mum depth, search, fire his shot and ascend, all within thirty seconds or little more.

This applies to the pursuit of the dwellers-in-rocks, congers and enormous jew-fish, which may weigh about fifty pounds. But there is a very large number of species, among them the most valued prizes, which may be found in open water or in shallow depths along the coast. Mullet and bass love to cruise among quiet reeds and rocks. Skate, small and great, are found in the flat, sandy shallows where they offer easy targets. It is unnecessary, then, to be discouraged by the lengthy and rather tough schooling that goes to the making of the expert deep diver.



SUBMARINE HUNTER WITH HIS EQUIPMENT

There are Mediterranean aces, who have made a real cult of such diving, who can dive thirty-five feet or deeper, and transfix and drag to the surface some colossal trophy. But such men have taken a long time to reach their full prowess. Let us content ourselves, at any rate at the beginning, with what comes more easily to hand.

Quite apart from the sport that awaits one, and from the useful additions to scanty food-stocks, this new form of hunting introduces the hunter to a new world, a world so fascinating and untrammelled that it must captivate all who enter. It is such a short distance to go. Simply put on your glasses, hold your breathing tube in your mouth (this can be attached to your goggles or to a separate band round your head) and there you are! Slide gently into the water and set off on your first exploration.

Here in this gently undulating stillness you find a completely strange landscape. Rocks, weeds, anemones, shellfish—all clear, vital, brilliant, the sun playing over them, the sea-currents softly caressing. A white cliff slopes down out of sight. A shadow swims slowly along it. It is a great, cruising bass, on the look out for small fish astray. After him, gun at the ready. He has not seen you yet. You are close, your finger presses the trigger. The harpoon flashes out and into his side. He flaps violently, dives, spurts away; but his wound is fatal; very soon you are reeling him in. You free the point of your harpoon, attach the big fish to your belt, reload, and are ready again, to keep up the hunt for as long as you care to keep swimming. Could there be any sport more simple, healthy, exciting—or one more appropriate now to the filling of larders?



A HUNTER ON THE PROWL, HARPOON AT THE READY

of Britain will give opportunity for the sport to be practised, and there seems every reason why this novel form of chase should have many keen followers here. It need hardly be said that anyone visiting tropical or semi-tropical seas, where sharks are not too great a menace, will be free of the submarine hunter's ultimate paradise.

Equipment is simple. Glasses, a breathing-tube and a spring-loading harpoon gun are all that are necessary. The glasses used consist either of goggles or of a mask which covers the face but leaves the mouth free. The breathing apparatus is an eighteen-inch-length of light tubing, with a rubber grip held in the mouth. If goggles are used a clip holds the nose to prevent water being breathed in. All breath-

WILD LIFE IN KENYA—VII

AN ELEPHANT HUNT

By LIEUT.-COL. C. H. STOCKLEY

CAMP was being made on the left bank of the Tana, so, weary with a long drive over bad bush roads, I strolled over to look at the height of the river and to see if certain sandbanks were yet uncovered. As soon as the river gets low enough, these sandbanks are visited early every morning by myriads of thirsty sandgrouse, and a certain proportion are shot to feed camp.

The river was still rather high, but not a hundred yards from my tent I spotted some great holes which could only have been made by a bull elephant's feet, and further inspection showed them to have been made very early on the last three mornings. The tape came out and I measured them: 20 inches diameter, which means a bull of over 11 feet high, well worth hunting for a series of photographs.

Next morning we were admiring a fresh set of tracks before sunrise and had soon followed them through the belt of dense forest and out into the *nyika* bush of the hinterland. He had turned slightly right-handed as we reached the thorn trees, and, owing to some smaller elephants having confused the tracks, we were nearly an hour over the first 1½ miles, during which he had made a big left-handed curve to surmount the first rise away from the river. Here the thick-leaved *sansevieria* grew in abundance and he had left three or four bundles of chewed fibre, still wet with saliva, which he had taken as an appetiser. Like most people I used to think that elephants made a meal of this *hig*, as the Somalis call it, to replace moisture when short of water. But, like other elephants I hunted in the same area this year, he had eaten it within an hour of watering; so it must be taken purely medicinally, like so much of the food of large mammals.

Over the rise and into a big double dip about a thousand yards wide, filled with twenty-foot acacias, I began to hope we might catch up with him. Sure enough on the far side was a quantity of still warm

droppings, a safe sign of his intention to begin feeding, acacia tops being the staple elephant diet. Carefully we followed the now meandering tracks, picked up a chewed acacia branch and kept even more careful watch ahead. Suddenly the heads of a couple of reticulated giraffe appeared above the bush to our left front and I swore heartily, for they are the worst spoilers of sport in Kenya (Fig. 3). True to character they stared at us for twenty seconds, then swayed off right across our front, instead of going straight away or left-handed, and of course our elephant went with them. Bull elephants never grow big if they take no notice of such heaven-sent warnings.

Our bull had been in a small depression not a hundred yards to our right front and his tracks showed steady progress, away from camp and water, at the usual seven to eight miles an hour of an elephant's walking pace. Half an hour's following up showed no sign of slowing down, so we went home.

Next morning we started out on almost the same line, but this time, after about two hours' walking, got tangled up with a lot of fresh tracks belonging to a small herd of cows and calves which had passed along the same way just after our quarry. They delayed matters so much, and it was obvious that he was going straight



1.—OUR BULL QUITE UNDISTURBED

A glossy starling is on the top of the dead branch a few feet to his right

away from the river, that I chucked up and we got back to camp after some four hours' steady walking, very hot and thirsty in sultry weather.

Clouds were banking up to the south and that night, to my joy, there was a widespread thunderstorm, so that we were able to walk along our bull's tracks at a great pace next morning. Not only were his tracks so conspicuous that they could be seen a dozen yards ahead, but this time there were no really confusing elements; for he had swung almost parallel with the river southward on leaving the forest belt, then turned eastwards towards the first rise, and again wheeled northward along its foot and parallel with the river; so that even two hours later we were not more than



2.—FOREFOOT LIFTED AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE FORELEG. At least 6 ft. of tusks—about 100 lb. of ivory a side



3.—THE WORST SPOILERS OF SPORT IN KENYA—RETICULATED GIRAFFE

an hour's walk from camp, and all other tracks had crossed his at right angles and so made no confusion.

The usual saliva-soaked bits of *hig* were picked up near the end of the first hour, and at about two and a half hours we came on quantities of warm droppings and rejoiced. Getting up to him was almost a certainty.

We crossed a wide Somali cattle trail, then up a rise half right, and as I put my head over the top I cursed heartily. There were no fewer than ten giraffe right across the tracks, and if he were beyond them we might just as well give up.

However, I left the camera boy and the local stupid, moved very slowly up the rise and showed part of myself to those infernal giraffe. They stared, walked slowly away for a hundred yards, then stopped and stared again. The luck had held, for I could see my bull's tracks trending away to the right and the giraffe had gone off slightly left. I moved up and clear of the bull's tracks to their right, to be horrified by seven more giraffe arriving from my front. A slow detour even more right-handed and they moved over to the first lot. I got square with them and they went off due north, just as

I wanted; thank heaven, there was a good chance yet if the bull had not been too close.

We took up the tracks again and within a furlong came to a clump of acacia where he had fed; but beyond it there were no tracks! Strange; but after ten minutes' puzzling we found that he had gone straight back on his tracks for 150 yards, then turned half right and north-west again. A quarter of a mile and there loomed up an enormous dark mass among the thorn bush. Our bull, feeding quite undisturbed!

An approach to about forty yards showed him to be very big in body, certainly bigger than an 11 foot 1 in. bull I had shot a month before, and a slight shifting of his butt end revealed a pair of tusks with at least six feet of ivory out of the gums: somewhere around 100 lb. of ivory a side (Fig. 2).

The place was good for photography, though for the moment he was in stuff too thick; but just beyond him was enough cover for me and not too much for him, while a steady breeze blew straight in my face.

He moved on a little and I closed up behind and to the right, getting one picture which rather looks as if his trousers were coming down, and with a glossy starling sitting on a dead branch within a few feet of him as he passed (Fig. 1).

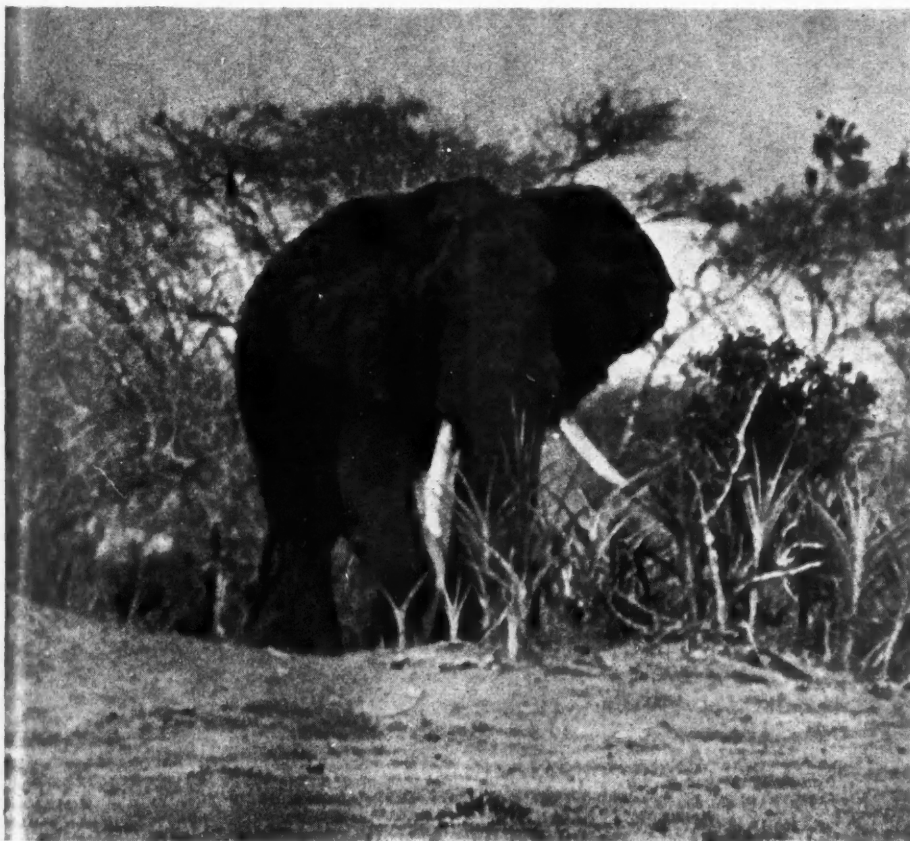
Then I ran round and got ahead of him, getting a beauty as he passed, but rather close. He heard the shutter, swung round and came straight towards me with his ears out (Fig. 4). I slipped round a clump of bush, got a fine picture as he came towards me, then ran back to the boys who were a hundred yards behind with the camera-case.

There I changed the slide and trotted forward again to find my bull hunting carefully all round the bush where I had been when he heard the shutter go. He had located the noise to the last foot, and it was a bit of a shock to me to realise that his hearing was so good. I noted it for future reference.

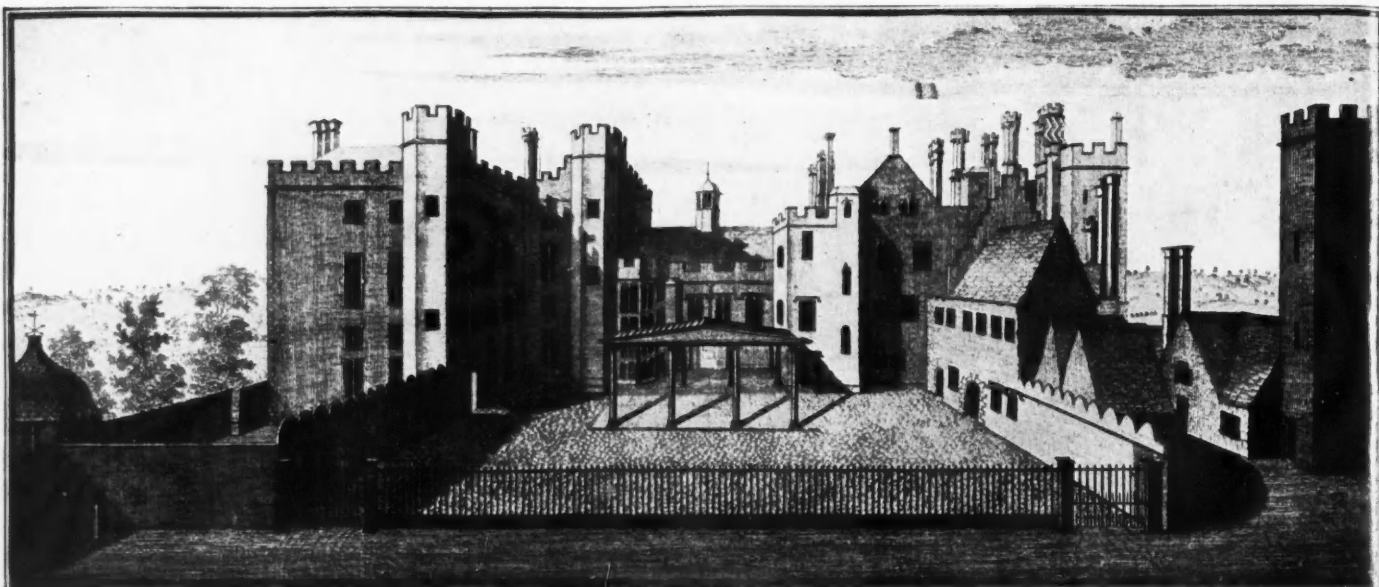
Still not quite satisfied he turned and went off at a steady walk on his old line, and I got one excellent good-bye picture as he passed through a patch of *hig*, showing his fine ivory better than in any of the others.

One thing I noted in the second photograph, when printed, was that an elephant lifts the forefoot much more than I had thought when walking. It is quite square with the foreleg and one can even see the cracks in the sole of the foot (Fig. 2).

A grand fellow! I hope we meet again.



4—HE SWUNG ROUND AND CAME STRAIGHT TOWARDS ME WITH HIS EARS OUT



1.—THE EARLY TUDOR BRICK CASTLE OF TONG BUILT BY SIR HARRY VERNON
The east front. Engraving by A. and C. Buck, 1731

TONG, SHROPSHIRE—II

TONG CASTLE

The great brick Tudor house of the Vernons was replaced about 1765 with a Georgian-Gothic mansion by Capability Brown for George Durant, whose son added extraordinary embellishments to the grounds, 1820-30.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

THE roofless Gothick folly that Tong Castle has become, with its own fantastic history, incorporates some parts but hides the chronicle of one of the more important houses of Tudor and Jacobean times. We need not begin, as George Griffiths did his massive history of the parish fifty years ago, with Hengist the Saxon's being granted by King Vortigern as much land as an oxhide (which he cut into thongs) would cover, so giving the place its name Thong—alternatively Tuange, Twonge, and Tuinc. Indeed the name simply derives from Old English *tang*, meaning tongs, for land in the fork of a river, as is the case. Just below the castle site a stream rising in Weston Park is joined by another, out of both which Capability Brown formed the lakes now a feature of the derelict park. From evidently being an important pre-Conquest holding, it became one of the great Earl Roger de Montgomery's and his suc-

cessors', descending in the early fifteenth century to the Vernons of Haddon as related in the previous article.

The great Sir Henry Vernon, who had contrived throughout the Wars of the Roses to be on the winning side, and died 1515, is stated by Leland to have rebuilt "an olde castel of stone new al of brike." Its appearance in 1731, apparently little changed, is given in Buck's view (Fig. 1) of the east side, that is the front illustrated in its present form in Figs. 3 and 5. The engraving shows a typical early Tudor mansion with great hall surmounted by a louvre, approached by a forecourt; a projecting wing on the left contained the personal apartments served by stair-turrets; and the office quarters, less coherently, lay to the right. At some later date a kind of covered portico was apparently added in front of the hall. Parts of the north and south ends of this building are incorporated in that standing: the octagonal and

the square turrets at the extreme left of Fig. 5 seem to correspond to the angle turret and end of the domestic wing in Fig. 1—the remainder of the present front having been added across the Tudor forecourt.

From the Vernons, Tong went by the marriage of their heiress to Sir Thomas Stanley at the same time that Haddon by the same means passed to the Mannesers, then in 1623 was bought by Sir Thomas Harries, whose daughter soon afterwards took the estate to her husband William Pierrepont, second son of the first Earl of Kingston.

The Pierreponts, Earls and later Dukes of Kingston-upon-Hull, are one of those notable families that have died out completely, leaving few visible associations. They were of Holme Pierrepont, Nottinghamshire, and never especially edifying. The first Earl, created 1628, is recorded to have devoted himself entirely to amassing a great estate. Though he failed, as he hoped, to avoid participating in the Civil War, eventually siding with the King and getting killed, he arranged that some of his sons should be on each side in order to look after one another's and the property's interests. William was one of the sons directed to the Parliament side, of which, though consistently a moderate, he attained the intimacy and confidence of Cromwell. Tong, which his marriage added to his paternal estate of Thoresby, was garrisoned by both sides in the Civil Wars. Symonds's Diary refers to it as "a faire old castle belonging to Pierrepont this 18 years," adding "upon Parliament taking Shrewsbury the enemy quitted and burned Tong Castle." William Pierrepont, however, was amply prosperous enough during the Commonwealth to repair the damage and evidently did, for one of his sons, Gervase, later created Lord Pierrepont of Hanslope, lived here and is buried in the church, to which he gave a curious and now venerable library of theological works. The eldest son of "Wise William," as the Parliamentarian was called, married a niece of Evelyn the diarist and was



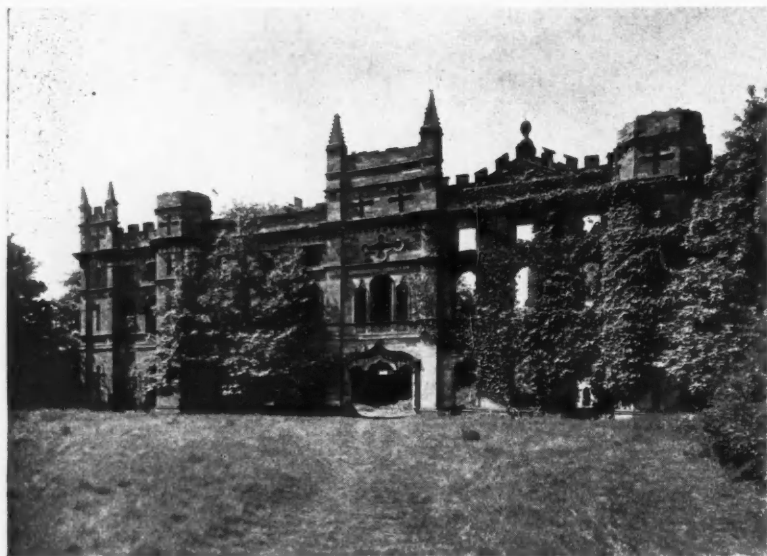
2.—TONG CASTLE IN 1885. An old photograph of the garden (west) front



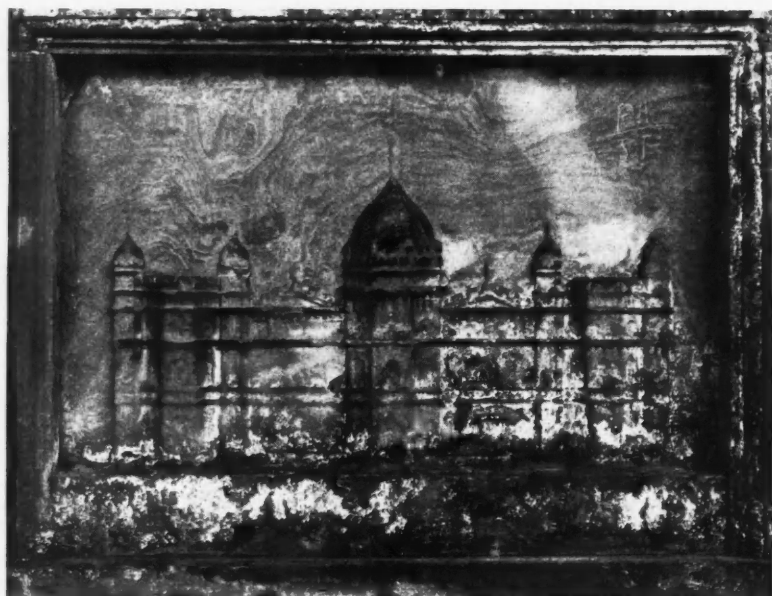
3.—CAPABILITY BROWN'S LANDSCAPE AND EAST FRONT AS IT IS TO-DAY



4.—CONVENT LODGE ENTRANCE TO THE PARK, 1821



5.—THE EAST (ENTRANCE) FRONT



6.—RELIEF OF THE WEST FRONT. IN THE MASONRY OF CONVENT LODGE



7.—CAST-IRON GATE AND HINDOO-GOTHIC PIERS OF CONVENT LODGE

the father of three Earls of Kingston. The youngest of them was created Duke of Kingston by George I, and lived till 1726, and was father of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that sagacious and original woman. Tong came to the Duke, but probably the Duke rarely came to the old castle. In his successor's time William Smythe, of the Acton Burrell family, was staying here in 1756, when there was born to his wife, in the Red Room at the Castle, a daughter, Maria Anna, subsequently the beautiful and unhappy Mrs. FitzHerbert.

Soon after, Tong was sold by the second Duke, and so missed being connected with yet another celebrated lady, Elizabeth Chudleigh, whom he married and at his death in 1773 endowed for life with all his estates. They subsequently went to his nephew, Sir Philip Meadows, who took the name of Pierrepont and was created Earl Manvers, whose descendant is the present representative of the Pierreponts.

The purchaser of Tong was a Mr. George Durant, who by the age of 25 and means not explicit, had amassed a large fortune in Havannah. He came of a Worcestershire family—indeed it was into a progenitor's house in that city that Charles II slipped when the disastrous issue of the Battle of Worcester became clear, and from it



8.—PULPIT ON CONVENT LODGE

escaped on the ride that took him to Boscobel. On returning to England Mr. Durant "determined to locate himself somewhere in the neighbourhood where his forefathers had lived," and was able to acquire Tong Castle—in which parish White Ladies is actually situated and Boscobel adjacent. Griffith's *Tong* states that

"Mr. Durant (about 1764) demolished all but the main block of Sir Harry Vernon's castle," of which he "seems to have encased the remaining portion in stone according to a fanciful design of his own, a mixture of Gothic and Moorish architecture. Surmounted by its lofty domes and pinnacles, the structure is noticeable principally for its massive and stately appearance, enhanced by its position at the edge of a broad rich greensward extending uninterruptedly to its very foot and the pretty low-lying sheet of water winding along the valley (towards the east); while on the west side (Fig. 2), just below the lawn and shrubberies, this scene of marked repose rapidly changes into one of wildest beauty as the two hurrying streamlets burst a way over little falls till they mingle in the dell below."

Now, alas, these beauties are too wild to be photogenic. But was this pinnacled palace Durant's own design, and was it not intended to recall the

Tudor style of the original rather than the Moorish?

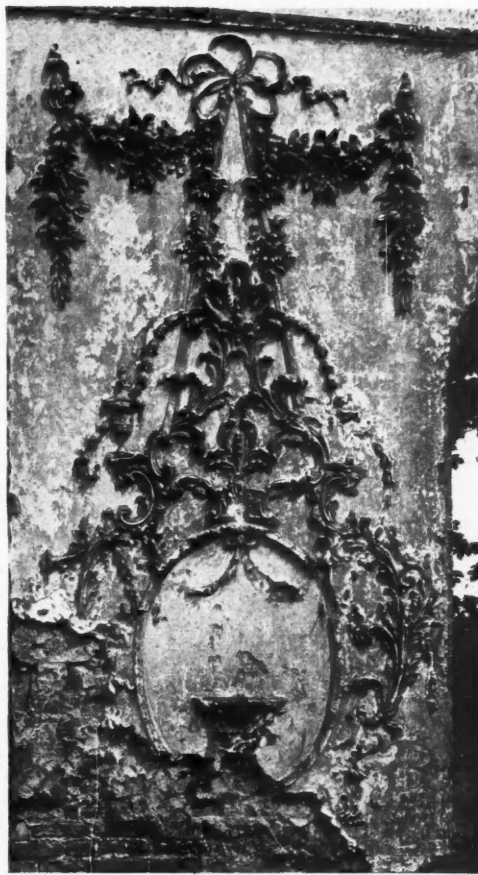
On the first question Miss Dorothy Stroud has drawn my attention to two entries in Capability Brown's MS. account book of about the year 1765:

To various plans and elevations made for Tong Castle and for journeys there, £52 10s.

—Durant Esqr. Various plans for the alteration of Tong Castle. My journeys there several times.

Brown was very active in the Shropshire-Staffordshire neighbourhood about then, altering the grounds at Trentham and Chillington (1763), Fisherwick 1764, Weston 1765, Tixall 1774. The landscape before the east front, with its sweep of lake (formed out of the stream from Weston Park) and belts of trees beyond, is typical Brown—compare the lake at Blenheim as altered by him. The house is not typical of anybody, except perhaps Mr. Durant; but, looking more closely, the ogee entrance archway with three ogee doorways within it, and the dumpy pinnacles, ogee domes and domelets (Fig. 2) closely resemble similar features in a bathhouse at Corsham designed by Brown. The extent of his architectural practice, for so long denied, is only now being verified, and I think there is no doubt that Tong, on the strength of his references and these analogies, is to be included among Brown's more extensive and peculiar if not his most successful undertakings. The building approximated to a square in plan, with an ogee dome recalling Wren's on Tom Tower surmounting the central feature of both fronts, the western dome being the larger (Fig. 2). The smaller octagonal turrets also had ogee caps intended to be Tudor. The main domes were flanked by ridge roofs with embattled pediments at each end. Fragments of rococo stucco decoration survive on some internal walls.

The general effect of the domed and pinnacled mansion in the idealised landscape was no doubt carefully considered by Brown, and it is a pity that it is not better preserved. However, the original conception was in many respects altered by the extraordinary embellishments added to the park by George Durant the younger. His father died aged 45 in 1780, leaving him a child of four, and he lived till 1844, proceeding to carry on the



9.—STUCCO DECORATION OF AN INTERNAL WALL OF THE CASTLE

picturesque ornamenting of the grounds. "His eccentric character," wrote Griffiths, "is indicated by the quaint buildings, monuments with hieroglyphics and inscriptions alike to deceased friends, eternity, and favourite animals which were then to be found on every path of the demesne." The most extensive is the entrance from the village (Fig. 4), known as Convent Lodge, consisting of an embattled wall dated 1821, and diversified by pinnacles, niches, reliefs, and a pulpit inspired by the "oratory" in Abbey Yard, Shrewsbury (Fig. 8). The wall curves back in a crescent to a pair of elaborate cast-iron gates (Fig. 7), the piers of which are carved with an almost Hindu weight of luxuriant ornament. Among the reliefs is a panel preserving the west elevation of the house (Fig. 6). The character of the general design seems to reflect a visit to the Royal Pavilion at Brighton after reading Tom Moore, for verses from *The Harp That Once* are inscribed on various parts.

In the Shrubbery a little farther on was a pedestal surmounted by a ball inscribed *Ab hoc momento pendet aeternitas*; the jawbones of a whale arching the drive bore *Mors janua vitae*; and another pedestal with an urn applied Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's to commemorate George Durant senior. Over three shutters through which coal was shot into the castle is the word MAUSOLEUM. A cave in the steep rocks below served as a hermitage, with hermit, "a miserable poor half-witted man who dressed himself in a kind of tunic and wore a long white untrimmed beard. He is said to have been a gentleman who had seen better days and chose to inhabit this dismal cavern." He was called Carolus, and his death in 1822 is noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Several cases are known of hermits having been employed in the eighteenth century to animate picturesque scenes, but Carolus, probably the last of them,

seems to have obliged of his own choice.

It will be seen that Durant excelled in epigraphy, and as he grew older he in places essayed the facetious. In the rock below the Castle was a Dropping Well inscribed "Adam's Ale licensed to be drunk on the premises 1838." The family motto, *Beati Qui Durant*, is itself in this vein and occurs on several buildings. Near what was called Vauxhall Cottage is a pyramidal Egyptian fowlhouse (Fig. 11) in coloured encaustic bricks bearing such phrases as "Live and Let Live," "Scrat before you peck," "Teach your Granny." Another example of his varicoloured brick humour is the Rosary Lodge (Fig. 10).

Mr. Durant married as his second wife Mlle. Celeste Lavefre, of Lorraine, and had children named Cecil, Celestin, Cecilia, (then still alliteratively) Augustine, Alfred and Agnes, who all died young between 1831-40. Another tablet in the church records the deaths of Maria, Rose, Bell, George, and Hope, average ages 30, between 1833-36, who were presumably children by his first marriage, so that Tong Castle must have held a large if perishable family. There survived a grandson by the third George, Charles Selwyn Durant. He sold the estate and house in 1855 and bad repair to the second Earl of Bradford, who added it to the Weston property. The last occupants of Tong Castle were the Hartley family who gave it up shortly before the 1914-18 war, during which it was offered to the War Office for the internment of German prisoners-of-war but declined owing to lack of bathrooms and sanitary arrangements. It was then offered

for sale but elicited no bid, so the copper and lead were removed from the roof and the contents sold, Messrs. Duveen buying most of the fireplaces and oak floors. The grounds were kept up in fair condition until requisitioned by the Air Ministry in the late war, since when much damage has been done, and many of the Durant jokes are difficult to see, if indeed they survive.

But, with the collegiate church and its crowding monuments, there is extant ample at Tong to colour surely one of the more curious chronicles attaching to any English acres.



10.—ROSARY LODGE. Another architectural joke (1820-30)



11.—PYRAMIDAL EGYPTIAN FOWLHOUSE

BRADSHAW'S AND THEIR CONNECTION—II

ENGLISH CUSTOMERS IN SOHO

By W. A. THORPE

AS recently as 1930 an authority on tapestry thought it possible that Stranover, the designer's name mentioned in the first article (published in COUNTRY LIFE last week), was "merely an address, for it is a curious Christian name." The career of Tobias Stranover is certainly romantic. He was born on July 10, 1682, at Nagy-Szeben in Transylvania, the younger son of a Hungarian artist, Jeremias Stranover, who had moved south. In his twenties Tobias painted his way across Europe, spending some time at Dresden and marking his passage by poultry pieces at the Schloss Rothenburg, near Polish Nettow, and at the Schloss Ahrenburg in Holstein. At Hamburg he made his living by *Tapetenmalerei* for the dining-rooms of rich merchants, and he eventually reached England in the wake of George I. At the Golden Eagle, Great Queen Street, in the heart of the tapestry trade, he was lucky to find a compatriot, Jacob Bogdány (d. 1724), of Presov of "gentle and fair character" who had made a name as "the Hungarian" of Hampton Court and had "raised an easy fortune." Stranover learned from him to do as Rome does, and married his daughter and his business. He died poor but "celebrated" at Bath on February 23, 1756, and the natural philosophy shed tears:

*As Nature came into my room t'other day
A bunch of fine grapes on my table there lay:
Surpriz'd at their beauty; why where got you these
Said the Lady: I answer'd, I'm glad that they please,
They're Stranover's, Madam, but see the bird's head:
I see I'm excelled, Sir, his works shall not fade.*

Bradshaw's was a rather cosmopolitan house, and their connection included not only turnip-hoers, but enriched or eccentric persons with a taste of their own. Americans will remember that Sir Jacob Bouverie, forefather of the Earls of Radnor, came of a long line of wealthy Flanders merchants who had married silk in the sixteenth century. Sir Jacob's father (d. 1717) did well in the Turkey trade and Sir Jacob married into the peerage in 1741. The beautifying of Longford Castle in and after 1736 seems to have been done in part for this second spouse, and for the peerage which he himself attained in 1747. The furniture which he bought from Goodison, Bradshaw and other leading firms is among the monuments of English art. Apparently nothing gives a family taste like



1.—A HAM HOUSE TAPESTRY: *The Swing*. Photograph in the Victoria and Albert Museum

the mercantile habit of judging quality in goods.

The philosophical customer (1736) was Philip Stanhope, second Earl Stanhope (d. 1786), a great Greek scholar, of the Universities of Utrecht and Geneva, and a Fellow of the Royal Society (1735). He was a friend of Priestley and of Robert ("Euclid") Simson (d. 1768) and encouraged an Oxford edition of Archimedes, as

well as *Experiments on Air*, and the posthumous edition of Simson's works. His French colleague Lalande thought him the best English mathematician of his day.

Earl Stanhope was a "shy ungainly" man, his great talents "fitter for speculation than for practical objects of action," and his hobby-horse the simple life, especially in dress. His great-grandson has recorded that when he went down to take his seat in the House of Lords, the janitor turned him away with the words: "Hon-est man, you have no business in this place." He forbade his son to wear powder at Court because "wheat is so dear." Divine justice made him the father of "Citizen" Stanhope, of Revolutionary fame, and his granddaughter, Lady Hester, was born at Chevening in 1776. It was truly his oddity that maintained on Mount Lebanon the traditions of the mad Englishman.

Letters may lay claim to another student



2.—ANOTHER OF THE HAM HOUSE TAPESTRIES: *The Fruit Gathering*.

Photograph in the Victoria and Albert Museum

of Utrecht, Hugh Hume, third Earl of Marchmont (b. 1708, d. 1794), who bought from William Bradshaw, "upholsterer," in 1745. In a note that stands high among death-bed utterances, Pope wrote to him on Easter Monday, 1744: "When I see a finer day or feel a livelier hour I find my thoughts carried to you, with whom and for whom chiefly I desire to live." With his personal charm Marchmont had "elegant parts," said Smollett, and "uncommon sagacity." He is described in 1740 with a trio of Pope's friends among the "marbles, spars, gems, ores, and minerals" of his picturesque grotto:

*Where nobly pensive St. John sa'e and thought,
Where British sigh from dying Wyndham stole
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor
Who dare to love their country and be poor.*

Between politics and conversation he built his house in Berwickshire, and passed his time in the pursuit of history and in the Caroline pleasure of planting trees.

The style of Bradshaw's of course varied with the diversity of designers and appeal. The manner of the French hands in London, "a queer pot-pourri of motives" in the manner of Watteau and his kind, is seen to advantage in the set of Ham House hangings, *The Dance, The Fountain, The Swing* (Fig. 1), and *The Fruit Gathering* (Fig. 2), the first marked BRADSHAW. The true word concerning them was spoken long ago by Mr. D. S. McColl, when the firm was not much more than a name. "The astonishing thing," he said, "is that out of second-hand material, clumsily paraphrased in character, and pieced together, a creation in colour of rare loveliness came about under Bradshaw's hands." But the hands were not quite what was intended.

A different foreignness is possessed by the soundings of the mort of the "little beast" of ventry in the Van Straaten *Hare Hunt*, mentioned in my previous article. The ritual of the death is based, of course, on European cynegetics, as well as on the habits of the hands, and it appealed in England to a Tory taste. "Twenty in the field after an hare," wrote John Smallman Gardner in 1750, "find more delight than one in twenty in a fox-chase." The new insular code ("little more than hard riding," said the old 'uns) lost its "father" in 1752, not far from the date of the *Hare Hunt*; it will be remembered that "the immortal Meynell" began his mastership of the Quorn the following year.

The *Hare Hunt* border of acanthus leaves in reds and blues reappears in the charming Addington bowling scene (Fig. 5). The high authority of Mr. A. F. Kendrick has ascribed it to Bradshaw's, and has praised its "varied and sunny foliage" and its "cool distance." With foreign features it has an English character. The taste for anecdote had long declared itself in the art of a literary people. It is the business of history-painting, wrote Aglionby in 1686, "to represent any action of life whether true or fabulous"; and "in a real history-painter,"

added the great Earl of Shaftesbury, "the same knowledge, the same study, and views are required as in a real poet."

One of Dillingham's "real" poems, published in 1678, describes a great bowling-match of "Guelphs" and "Ghibellines" on the green at Sulehay, near the famous bridge of Wansford-in-England. The author was born at Barnwell All Saints and knew well his brother's parish of Oundle and the rest of the Nene valley. He

was among the first of our poets to write in Latin of the English scene, and he happily describes the green:

*silvae contiguus modicque cacumine montis,
est locus australem qui partem versus et ortum
vallesque villasque et longos prospicit agros,
terra olim agricolae duos experta labores.
at postquam cincta est vivae munimine sepi,
et viridi donata toga de cespite puro,
tota vacat ludo magnis celebranda triumphis,
miraturque novos aurata veste colonos.*

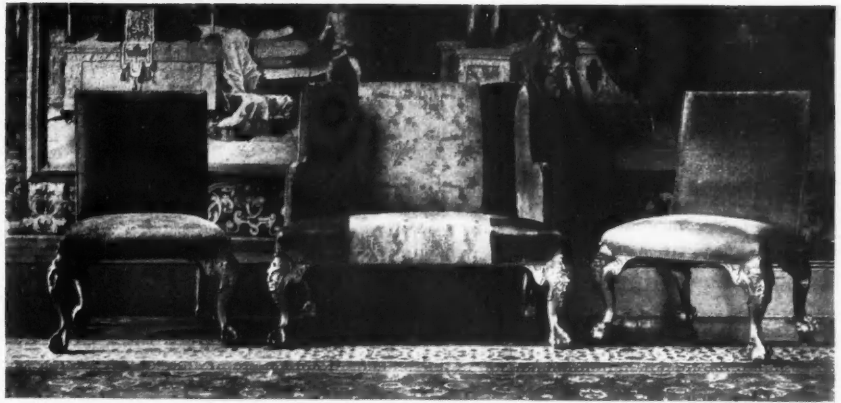
and the "pavilion":

*stat juxta domus exilis gratissima fessis
umbra viris; eadem ludentibus arma
ministrat.
hinc puer expromit sphaeras, hic nocte
recondit.*

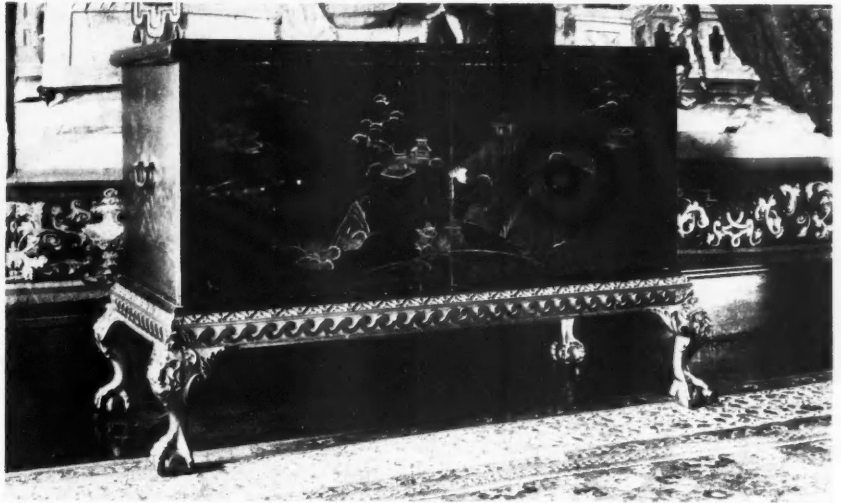
and the wooing of the kitty:

*haec Helena est, cursus haec meta futuri,
hanc ambire omnes: felix qui limine
primo
egressus tandem illius requiescit in
ulnis.
tum sphaeram dextra complexus, lumine
certo
signat iter, prono veneratur corpore
nympham,
effunditque globum, tacito qui flumine
lapsus
metae contiguus media requiescit arena.*

Dillingham's truly "real" descendant, "Vinny" Bourne, wrote of ballad-singers and Billingsgate and much else in London life, with a kinder heart than his friend Hogarth, but with all his perceiving eye. The Wansford poem was after his own taste, and he reprinted it in a popular anthology of the seventeen-forties. It was already well known. Its vogue may have helped to bring bowling forth from the lawns of taverns into decorative esteem. The parallel pieces point at any rate the English comparison of *pictura* and *poesis*, the belief that all the best pictures tell a story.



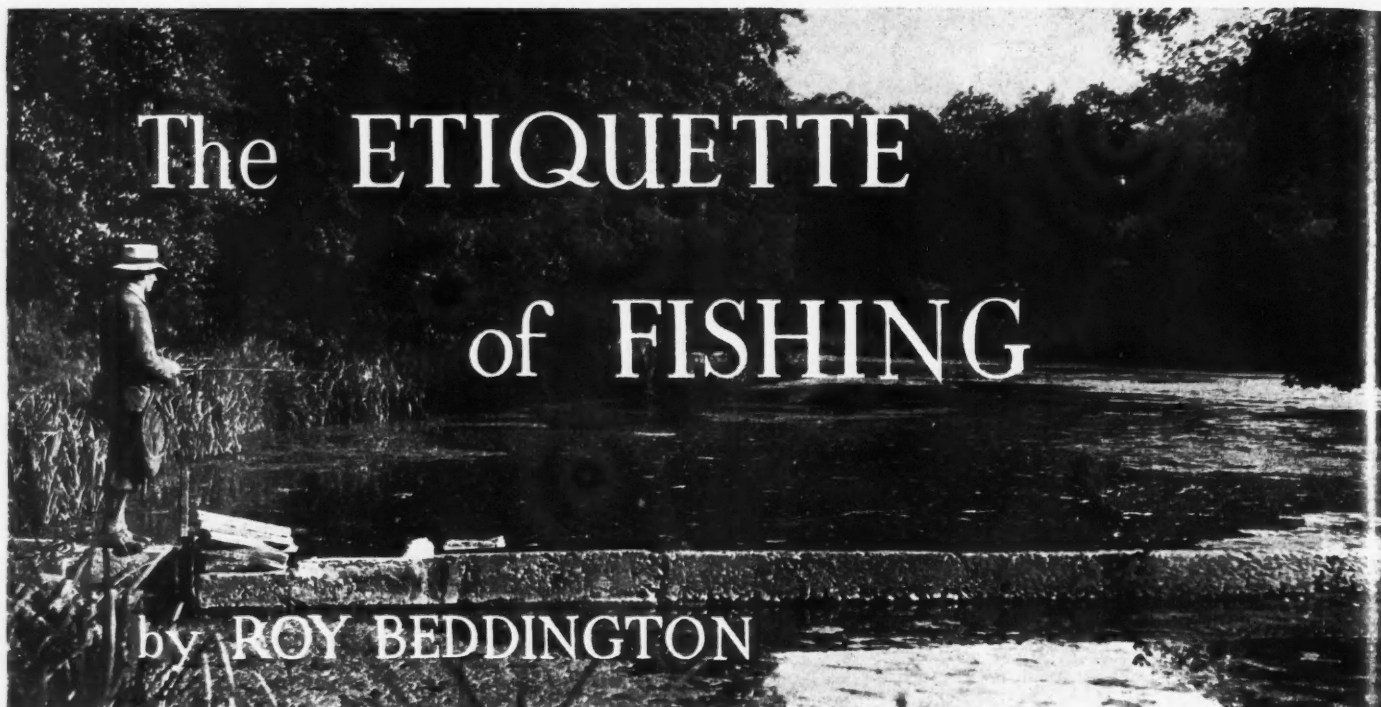
3.—THE CHEVENING LOVE-SEAT AND CHAIRS. PART OF A LARGE SET. Carved and gilt. Probably by Bradshaw's. About 1735



4.—THE CHEVENING CHEST. Japan, on carved and gilt stand. Probably by Bradshaw's. About 1730



5.—THE ADDINGTON BOWLING SCENE. Tapestry 8 ft. by 13 ft. 9 ins. Attributed to Bradshaw's. Mid-eighteenth century



The ETIQUETTE of FISHING

by ROY BEDDINGTON

THERE is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy way of doing things." Emerson's words apply to fishing, as to all worldly pursuits. Good manners displayed at the river, or on the loch, in the hotel or in the house after a day's sport, are the happy way of indulging in the pleasures of catching or trying to catch fish. Wherever more than one fisherman are gathered together to enjoy their chosen pastime, there is always a best way of doing it. Whether they meet, facing one another on the opposite banks of a chalk stream or salmon river, on Association water or as guests of the owner of private water, the day can be pleasant or unhappy according to the reaction of one angler to the presence of another.

There is a code of etiquette for use by running or static water, just as there is by the covert or over the broad fields of Leicestershire. There is, too, a way to behave and a way not to behave when the day is over; there is both good-mannered and bad-mannered talk concerning the sport enjoyed or not enjoyed. The fisherman who has a high standard of courtesy and restraint, but catches few fish, is a better man than he who returns in the evening with a full bag and an overflowing pride.

I write of such things because recent experience has shown that, although there are more fishermen than ever before, not all of them are possessed of the good manners inherent in their forbears. Let each fisherman see that he boils his egg in the best way, that his behaviour as a fisherman is beyond reproach. If his manners are correct he will be happy in himself, give no cause for discontent to others and will be doing his everything in the happy and best way, even if when he casts a fly or slings a bait his efforts are those of a duffer.

Before you begin to fish, see that you are equipped with a licence. No owner of a fishery is pleased when his guests are found by the bailiff without that necessary piece of paper. If there is no Fishery Board or your host is one of those kind men who provide a licence for his friends, there is no need to worry. Find out, however, the rules pertaining to the water, the size of fish to be kept and the limit, unless you are fishing for salmon.

Do not fish wet on a dry-fly stretch unless you have permission. Remember that there is the nymph fishing when the fisherman tries to use an imitation of the natural nymph, and the nymph fishing, so called, when the angler casts an Alexandra or similar fly upstream with the excuse that he is imitating Mr. Skues. That gentleman will not welcome such a one as

an adherent, while your host may rightly object.

Do not fish with too fine tackle. You may have the doubtful satisfaction of recounting how you caught a six-pounder on a 4 X cast and a May fly, but trout which break to retire with a yard of gut and a fly in their mouths do not improve a fishery or the temper of its owner.

Always see that your tackle is in good order. A rotten line, a rusty hook or an old cast are the wrong gear with which to attack someone else's fish. That someone will not be grateful when you tell him a hard-luck story of the forty-pounder which you would have gaffed if the line had not broken.

Do not arrive at the water with your wife, children, dog or camp followers without asking if they can come. Some are well trained, suitably clothed and wise to the ways of fishermen; others are not. From the uninitiated I have suffered. On one occasion a fellow to whom I had given permission to fish brought in his train a lady, uninvited and attired as for the Lido. She had no interest in fishing, as was soon apparent, for she spent the morning picking primulas and iris in the water garden and the afternoon, since the day was hot and she had very few clothes to remove, bathing in the best pool on the water where I had elected to fish. Such visitors are not asked twice; they pay a price for the bad manners of those whom they bring.

Those who ask blatantly for fishing and when permission is given take all for granted, seldom receive a second invitation.

It is always polite to offer the whole of your catch to your host or hostess. Your offer will probably be declined, but the act is a sign among fishermen of good manners, whether the bag is six salmon or a brace of burn trout weighing a quarter of a pound apiece. It is etiquette. Besides, you are more likely to be asked again. Similarly, if you have caught nothing, no harm is done by a trip to the house to pay your respects, even if it is an effort to leave the river and the fish which you still hope to catch. Write your thanks afterwards; it may seem old-fashioned, but I can assure you it will be appreciated.

Never become a "butcher." The butcher class consists of those whose only delight is to see how many fish they can catch. Such fellows are usually bad sportsmen. They are mortified when they catch less than you and puffed up with pride when they alone bring home a fish. They are jealous and proud and not worthy followers of old Walton. They make a business

of a sport. Fishing is a pleasure. Let us treat it as such.

Never follow the practice of the man on the other thwart in a boat who, when he sees his companion rise a fish, immediately throws his flies over the rise. This is like poaching a neighbour's bird and not conducive to a happy landing.

There is the man who, as soon as he sees another fishing on the opposite bank, hurries to arrive at the best stretch before him. It is so easy to accost the other in a friendly fashion with a remark such as "Shall I be in your way here?" or "If you would like to fish that bit, I will start in two or three hundred yards above." Such an overture is a sign of good manners. If you fix up a plan at the beginning with your adversary, as some like to call him, you will have a much pleasanter day than if you are jockeying for position from morning to night.

If the adversary arrives at a salmon pool with his fly rod at the same time as you appear with your spinning tackle, it is right that you should let him have "the first time over;" fly should take precedence over bait.

On some waters where there are different owners for each bank there is an understanding that certain pools are allocated daily, or in the morning or afternoon according to the arrangement, to one or other owner. Such a compromise works the best. Where there is no agreement look out for trouble and an unhappy day if your opposite number and you do not approach the matter in the right spirit. It should not be difficult, but it is ill-mannered if you do not make an overture.

If there is someone on the other bank and you wish to go below or above him, keep well away from the bank. It is in the unwritten code that you should respect the presence of the other in this manner.

Do not cut in. You will be as unpopular as on a golf course. I have had a four-pounder, which I had been waiting till dusk to fish for, caught in front of me by another guest who should have been far away on another beat. I was not annoyed that he had taken my rightful fish, but aggravated by his bad manners.

If there is a lady fishing, give her precedence, though she will be certain to object. Old Woolliams, gillie for so many years at Hampton Bishop, made a remark which I have ever retained as a reminder of the chivalry which fishermen should show to the ladies. My mother was due to fish the Carrot's Hole after lunch.

At about one o'clock my father, homeward bound, suggested that he should have another cast down the pool. Woolliams turned away. "Well, sir. It's your wife, not mine," he replied. There was nothing more to be said. That rebuke, however, was a good lesson for the little boy who carried the gaff. He is not unmindful to-day of its moral.

* * *

Do not recount your experiences at length to others unless they ask for them. Otherwise you will become a bore; and it is well to remember that the haunt of such creatures is not only the best armchair at the club. I always suspect that those who keep the most careful fishing diaries, recording every rise, every change of fly, are the worst offenders. They enter each fish's weight to the nearest dram. They are, I believe, the fellows who write about the 1 lb. 12½ oz. fish which they caught in the Test, the stickleback they pulled ashore in '98 from the Thames, or the records they have made. Records are mischievous. Fishing for them is bad form. If you happen to break one you may have your name recorded in type, but you will not on that account be a happier fisherman than he who catches little but finds pleasure in his surroundings.

Do not grouse when you have had a bad day or a series of disasters. Other fishermen will not find enjoyment in listening to your complaints. If you are of the opinion that your

host's water is badly managed, let him find out for himself the effects of bad keeping. It is presumptuous to tell him. So many fishermen are eager to give advice; so few are willing to receive it or thank the giver.

Do not borrow tackle unless you see that you return it. The fellow who asks you to give him a fly, a cast or a lead is more honest than he who borrows. It is strange. One remembers the borrowers but forgets those to whom one gives. The latter receive their gifts gratefully; the former seldom remember they have borrowed.

If you see another fisherman casting badly or playing a fish not after your own fashion, let him alone. Nine times out of ten he will resent your interference. If he wants advice, he will ask for it. I was once fishing on what I thought was Association water. At last I reached a pool where there were trout in plenty and I caught several, after a blank morning on the lower water. In the pool above me a man was playing a salmon, playing it very badly.

"Hold up your point or you will lose that fish," I called out. Soon afterwards he lost it. He had not appreciated my uncalled for admonition, but he did not inform me of his displeasure. It was evident. He said, however, only this: "Excuse me, but you know this is my water. The Association water finishes two fields away, but do go on fishing, please."

I was only eighteen at the time, but I have

always remembered that gentlemanly retort. I have, since that day, never volunteered advice to a fellow angler. I learned by the soft answer. You may be less fortunate.

Do not "whip the water." If you are fishing for a rising trout, give him a rest. Those who have the reputation of teasing fish are unwelcome guests. So is the man who is allotted several hundred yards of water but who, within a quarter of an hour, returns to you with the information that there are no fish rising and with a request to go elsewhere. Your idea of his "elsewhere" is usually a very warm locality.

* * *

The psychology of the piscatorial fraternity is worthy of study. As you notice the reactions of your fellows you will soon realise what irritates, what makes less enjoyable the sport which you and they seek to find in fishing. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will realise how pleasant are your fellows. Only the few are of the wrong outlook, though a greater number, through ignorance, behave incorrectly.

Izaak Walton ended a long life at Winchester, not far from the buildings of a great school which bears a famous motto. I am sure that Walton, who was ever courteous and unselfish by a river, would have agreed that if "Manners Makyth Man" they also make a fisherman.

ONE CLUB A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

It happened to me the other day to arrive at a well-known course, where many people play regularly on their holidays, at about half past eleven in the morning, to find two caddies, an elderly gentleman and a small boy, still unemployed and proffering their services. This was before the full tide of holiday golf had begun to surge, but it was on a fine Sunday morning in July when there was a considerable number of players and I should add that caddies on this course are by modern standards relatively cheap. Yet here were these two poor tigers who could not get their Christian apiece, and the only conclusion to be drawn is that a good many golfers have grown so accustomed to making a virtue out of necessity or economy, and so of carrying few clubs in a light bag that they won't be bothered with a caddie even if they can get one. In such little golf as I have played I have certainly grown accustomed to it myself. My stiff back does not enjoy stooping to pick up my bag, but apart from that I have been perfectly happy—and I don't think this is sour-grapeism—to carry my own small sheaf; nor can I doubt that there are very many others like me.

* * *

However, I am not going to write on the caddie question, and this is but a preamble; what I am really going to write about is my friend with one iron. I went to see him the other day and he showed me with pride this iron which "surprises by himself" all the numbered irons from number one to infinity. I am not writing an advertisement of it for I do not know who makes it or where my friend bought it. He calls it his "whole in one" club, but whether that is its trade name or his own agreeable play upon words I cannot say. All I know is, in his own words, that it has "an adjustable head on a long left-hand screw thread" and that he has only to give a twist of his wrist to make of it anything between a straight-faced driving iron and the most lofted conceivable of mashie-niblicks. The notion is, I am aware, not entirely new, for I remember to have seen something like it before and even to have played a shot with such a club a good many years ago, but I don't think it had so wide a range of metamorphosis as has this maid of all work.

I ought to add that my friend is a good all-round game-player who has played most games, including golf, pretty well, and that now when over sixty he can, as he modestly says, get round an average course in about 80. To that extent no doubt he may flatter the club, as a good player always does. His enthusiasm

for it is obviously genuine; he has, almost literally, nothing to carry and declares that he could if need be play with just two clubs—a driver and this universal provider of iron shots. It would serve as a putter as far as the loft is concerned, since he can make it almost entirely straight in the face; but in that case he would have to master the art of putting with a comparatively flat-lying club and it happens that he likes the ball for putting fairly near to his toes. So do most other people and I think the club would be something of a make-shift as a putter.

* * *

I cross-examined my friend as to the defects of this magic wand, since there surely must be some, and he proved an apparently candid and, as I believe, an honest witness. He admitted that it was not very good in bunkers and that, I imagine, would be on account of the comparative flatness of the lie; there is a natural desire to get well over a ball in a bunker. He volunteered something that I should not have guessed, namely that there was at first a slight tendency to shank. Why this should be I cannot tell unless it is that the appearance of the socket, where the mechanism resides, attracts the player's eye with disastrous results until he gets used to it. Beyond that he would allow no kind of flaw and was strong on the advantage of having for all iron shots the same grip, weight, balance and lie; he was sure he could do as well—or as badly—with his one iron as with a whole set. Did it never come loose, I ventured to ask, in the middle of a shot? He appeared almost insulted at the question and answered emphatically "never." I could not try a shot, since this examination took place in a house and not on a course, but I wagged the club as judiciously as I could. It seemed to me possibly a little heavy but it had a good shaft and was well balanced. With a wooden club, that iron and a putter it is at least certain that no one would be overweighted.

* * *

I have passed on my witness's evidence as fairly accurately as I can. His club seems to carry to its ultimate point the principle, now universally established, of the numbered set of irons, and I suppose there is no doubt that this principle has made iron play easier. The one difference between his club and a numbered set is in the matter of lie. His club retains the same lie—even mechanical magic has its limits—whatever the loft on the face, whereas in a numbered set its various members grow a little more

upright in the lie as the shots grow shorter. There they have the best of it. In respect of familiarity, of sameness of weight, balance and grip I suppose his club has the best of it; but the irons in a numbered set are now made to feel so wonderfully like another that, unless one looks at the head, one may easily be mistaken. I should not like to back myself to know my irons apart, purely from the feel and with my eyes shut.

* * *

That is rather a humiliating confession and I may be flattering the club-maker and doing myself an injustice. It is a confession at any rate which no one could have thought of making in the days before numbered irons were made. Then, no matter how careful one might be to attain a similarity between one's irons, each club had its own separate and instantly recognisable identity. It had also—and here I think there is something to be said for the past—its own history which its owner loved to recall. A really good set of irons was the work of years. The owner could remember exactly how he had suddenly lighted on one in a particular professional's shop and cried "Heureka!" how he had swapped another with a particular friend; how a third was the result, either fortunate or deeply planned, of the marriage of a head and a shaft, both previously united to incompatible partners.

To go into a shop was then a great adventure with the hope of great prize. To-day it seems to me by comparison dull, and it may prove alarmingly expensive, since to fall in love with one iron may be to take all its beautiful companions as well. There was a time when the bride took with her on her honeymoon a travelling bridesmaid, even as Miss Henrietta Petowker was accompanied by the Infant Phenomenon and Miss Tilda Price by Miss Fanny Squeers. So now to be unable to resist an enchanting No. 4 may be to be burdened with Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6 and goodness knows how many more besides. Once I could—let no one be afraid I am going to do it—but I could have told the story of each one of my irons; how one was given me by an uncle, another stolen from my wife, a third sent all the way across the sea to me in Macedon by one of the greatest of champions, and so on. My present irons, which are no doubt much better ones, all came from one visit to one shop and were paid for with one large cheque. We all have to have National Registration Identity Cards to tell us apart nowadays and our clubs only follow the fashion.

SHOOTING AND THE LAW

By J. B. DROUGHT

IT seems a little strange, in view of the altered circumstances in every aspect of country life, that our game laws should remain substantially the same as at the time of their enactment more than a century ago. It is true that a Bill designed to remedy some of what are to-day quite obvious anomalies was presented in the House of Lords a few years before the war. But the Commons were either too busy or insufficiently interested to give it passage, and consequently the Ground Game Act of 1880, the Poaching Prevention Act, and the Gun Licence Act still stand as the only major amendments to the original Statute of 1831.

Probably not one shooting man in a thousand is conversant with the game laws in their entirety. Nor is this necessary, for on abstruse problems, such as leases of sporting rights, warranties and such like, the prudent man, before committing himself, will obviously consult his legal adviser. But there are many points of constant recurrence in the course of everybody's shooting life on which it is desirable to have at least a superficial acquaintance with the law.

As most people know, game and gun licences are annual commitments and expire on July 31 in every year. Everyone pursuing game must procure a game licence which, if taken out before November 1, costs £3, and after that date £2 (the same as a gamekeeper's licence for a full year), while a fortnightly licence can be had for 20s. Game licences further confer on the holders the right to sell game to licensed dealers with the proviso that a gamekeeper so doing must have the written authorisation of his employer. Apart from the Royal Family, the only exemptions from game licence duties are keepers employed on Crown lands and those assisting licence-holders to kill game, such as beaters, stops, etc., provided they do not carry guns.

A game licence holder is not required to take out a gun licence as well. The latter, costing 10s., must be procured by all who use or carry guns at any time, with the exception of loaders, servants accompanying shooters, or persons employed in scaring birds or killing vermin by such as are themselves gun licence holders. A 10s. licence carries the right to shoot wild geese and ducks (but not snipe or woodcock). An Inland Revenue official or an inspector or constable of police may at any time require the production of individual licences.

That brings me to the Ground Game Act, under which any occupier of land, conjointly with his landlord or the lessee of the sporting rights, is empowered to kill ground game with fire-arms himself and to authorise one other person to do so on his behalf. He must not interpret this as a kind of general permission to his friends; that is to say, he cannot chop and change his nominee from day to day, for the latter must be either a member of his household, an employee, or someone specially detailed for the purpose. Moreover, the landlord and shooting tenant are entitled to demand in writing the name of the person so authorised. Neither a right of common over land, nor a grazing tenancy of less than nine months confers the privilege of killing ground game.

In the case of moors or unenclosed land, the occupier's rights under this Act are limited to the periods between December 11 and March 31 in any year, but these restrictions do not apply to detached areas of moor or unenclosed ground adjoining arable land of less than 25 acres. An occupier may not set spring traps above ground and he is debarred from laying poison. He (and his nominee) must be gun licence holders, but he may sell without further licence any ground game killed on his behalf.

So far the law is pretty clear, but it is when we come to consider trespass that numerous intricacies crop up, primarily because the common law recognises no ownership in wild game. Theoretically one might infer that anyone clever enough to circumvent a few partridges

or rabbits in the course of a country ramble (provided he is carrying no lethal weapon) might pocket them and no questions asked. And actually, unless the hiker's acquisitive tendencies extend to birds in pens or on rearing fields, which come into the same category and under the same measure of protection as domestic poultry, he cannot be convicted of larceny, though an action for trespass might be sustained. In other words, not even the owner of land on which game settles in its natural environment has any claim to it until it has been, in the legal phrase, "reduced into possession." And what applies to game birds applies equally to their eggs.

In certain circumstances, moreover, if the killing of a bird and its removal are part and parcel of the same act, the owner of the land cannot establish his claim to "possession." For instance, a poacher may kill a pheasant which falls on the far side of the boundary of a shoot and on to common land from which a confederate picks it up. The latter is committing no offence, since the bird has fallen, so to speak, on neutral ground. Though here, parenthetically, the law-abiding citizen may note that should he shoot a bird falling on his neighbour's land, he is entitled to take his dog to retrieve it, provided he crosses empty-handed, leaving his gun on his own side of the boundary. But suppose our poacher to have killed and hidden game or rabbits on the ground to retrieve them later, by his own act he has "reduced them into possession" of the landlord or the shooting tenant and is therefore liable to prosecution for larceny.

HOUND EXERCISE

MEADOW and woodland all bright with the dew.

*Shimmering gossamer webs on the grass.
Sunlight has scarce rolled the mist from the vale,
When I hear the pad-paddling of Hounds as they pass!*

*Pad down the lane. There's the "click" of a shoe,
"Chink" of a bit, and a note on the horn.*

Whip-crack; "Ware oss"; and it's Hounds passing by

*At exercise. Oh! when we've gathered the corn
What music they'll make trying bramble and whin!
Now the harvest is stooked, and the time's almost here*

For that game of our hearts once again to begin.

IRIS M. RAIKES.

English law, fortunately for the victimised, is based on the principle that there "shall be no wrong without a remedy." Since material damage is the criterion of trespass the familiar notices that "Trespassers will be prosecuted" are only too often an idle threat. Yet the evildoer who congratulates himself on this, and too trustfully accepts the delightful theory of universal ownership in wild game, will be sooner or later sadly disillusioned when he is entangled in the network of the Poaching Prevention Act.

He will find his first obstruction in the law by which every unauthorised entry on private land is deemed an offence, giving the owner a right of action against the perpetrator. And secondly he will discover that the Act allows a presumption of his guilt, even though no dead game be found upon him, if he is careless enough to carry a gun or nets or ferrets or other "instruments" for the "reduction of game" on ground of which he is neither owner nor tenant. Game under this statute includes not only hares and rabbits, grouse, partridges and pheasants, but also snipe, woodcock and wild-fowl, and the eggs of all such birds.

But a point to recollect is that, while the police may detain and search any person at any time or place on suspicion of poaching, even though he may be on a public highway and distant from the scene of his presumed activities, an occupier of land or a shooting tenant has no such rights. The latter and his keepers may

apprehend a trespasser only if he refuses his name and address or continues his trespass after being warned. They may seize game quite obviously killed by the offender, but in its original text the Act lays down that only a "Lord of a Manor" and his authorised keepers may confiscate dogs, nets or other "instruments" in cases where they are satisfied that the trespasser holds no game licence.

Shooting tenants certainly have not these powers, but it seems something of an anomaly in these days when the lordship of a manor is almost an empty phrase and so many erstwhile tenant farmers are the owners of their lands that they also should not be vested with manorial rights. In this respect the provision seems out of date, but I can trace no amendment to it, though the whole question of confiscation bristles with so many legal niceties that it is wiser, whenever possible, to let the police take full responsibility.

One may perhaps summarise the Poaching Prevention Act in this way. It gives very wide powers to constables, but no special authority to landowners, shooting tenants or their keepers, and it is essential for a conviction that game or the instruments for killing it shall be found either on the suspect's person or in some vehicle belonging to him.

The law about dogs is a little confusing. It is a common saying that "every dog is allowed a first bite." This is nonsense, but what it really means is that, in instances of attacks on the person, the victim of a dog cannot successfully sue its owner unless he can prove that the latter had a prior knowledge of his dog's savage tendency. This proof of scienter, as it is termed, does not apply in cases where a dog is detected in active pursuit of cattle or sheep in the fields, deer in enclosed parks, rabbits and hares in enclosed warrens, or game in pens or on rearing fields. To save the lives of any of these creatures those responsible for their welfare may shoot a dog on sight.

On the other hand, a dog may hunt partridges or ground game in the open and run amuck in pheasant coverts to its heart's content, and the keeper who takes the law into his own hands may be held liable to action for the value of the dog. Incidentally, there have been many test cases of the validity of this law, and it has been held by the High Court that while gamekeepers are empowered by Act of Parliament to destroy dogs in special circumstances, such as when they are in pursuit of hand-reared birds, this power would not have been conferred had they a general right of destruction.

Among minor points the following may be briefly mentioned. It is unlawful to shoot on Sundays or on Christmas Day, and within 50 yards of a public highway. The latter regulation is more honoured in the breach than the observance, for I have often participated in a covert shoot where guns have lined up virtually on a by-road and the village constable has been among the beaters. But, although I can quote no instance within my own knowledge, I imagine that should some innocent pedestrian or cyclist be injured by a shot from within the prescribed distance, an action for damages would lie against the offender.

Lastly, a word on shooting boundaries. More often than not the delineating line between two shoots comprises banks or hedgerows striding ditches in the near or off side. In such cases the edge of the ditch farthest from the bank or hedge marks the boundary, and this is more important than superficially it appears, for the simple reason that game birds nesting in the herbage invariably choose the sunnier, sheltered sides. In instances of extensive boundaries with "one way" ditches, therefore, it follows that the legal possessor of the latter has a considerable pull over his neighbour, in that he will virtually scoop the pool in respect of nests and eggs close to the border line. Between good neighbours, of course, such details are capable of friendly arrangement.

CORRESPONDENCE

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

SIR,—If it is the case that Fountains Abbey is "scheduled" as a national monument, would it not be necessary to obtain the sanction of Parliament before any restoration is attempted? I think it would help your readers if you were to state the position clearly. Until this point is really clear there seems little use in entering upon arguments for or against the scheme, though I would like to register a most emphatic protest against it, on no sectarian grounds, but purely upon the grounds of aesthetics. Personally I know of no single case in which restoration so extensive as to involve virtual rebuilding has not utterly destroyed the "soul" of the building, and of this Rheims Cathedral is a notable example.

I agree with Mr. Muirhead Bone that it would be infinitely preferable if the Duke of Norfolk's committee were to build an entirely new church and, if desired, monastic buildings, in some other part of the grounds of St. Mary Royal, which are both extensive and extremely beautiful, and leave the ruins of Fountains Abbey as they are, an eloquent witness to the genius and faith of an age which nothing can recall.—ROBERT TUNSTALL, 13, Rosary Gardens, London, S.W.7.

Under the Ancient Monuments Act of 1913 and 1931, the Ministry of Works has the power of scheduling historic monuments except those that are uninhabited or in use for ecclesiastical purposes. The effect of scheduling is to make it incumbent on an owner to give three months' notice to the Minister of Works before he alters or destroys a monument. In the last resort the Minister can make a Preservation Order to save a monument. If opposed by the owner, the Order must be confirmed by Parliament. Over 5,000 monuments have been scheduled under the Acts, and Fountains Abbey is one of them. The sanction of the Ministry of Works will therefore have to be obtained before the scheme can go forward.—ED.]

THINKING IN THE PRESENT

From the Duke of Richmond and Gordon

SIR,—Does not the controversy over the restoration of Fountains Abbey amount to little more than a discourse between aesthetes and others? As an ancient ruin it is ethereally beautiful. But a ruin it is. Most ruins with their mellow masonry and calls upon the imagination impart a deep appeal to the sightseer, but what then? If the restoration of Fountains Abbey can be any part of a signal for this country to think a little more in the present than in the past, then indeed the project is laudable.—RICHMOND AND GORDON, Goodwood, Chichester, Sussex.

A CRUEL FATE

SIR,—Is yours the only voice to be raised in protest (all too gentle) against the cruel fate which threatens lovely Fountains Abbey? Surely this incomparable place belongs to England and the English, and if so why is it possible that any body of people, merely because they have money at their disposal, can become owners of it? One has only to look round at the churches built by the Roman Catholics in the British Isles, including Ireland, to realise that they are the last people to be entrusted with any so-called restoration. God grant that, as the writer in COUNTRY LIFE suggests, the law to prevent this shall remain binding. I am not English, and I was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, but this cannot make me blind to facts.—ANTI-VANDAL.

FOUNTAINS AND COVENTRY

SIR,—I have followed with interest the correspondence in the daily Press about the restoration of Fountains Abbey to its former use as a monastery and church, and have just come across

COUNTRY LIFE of August 30 with your Leader on the same subject.

It seems to me that you make the issue too clear-cut. You object, I gather, to this restoration on two main grounds, that the material restoration of the fabric will reduce its artistic and aesthetic distinction, and that it has a greater spiritual value for the English people as a carefully preserved ruin than as a working church.

But the question is really more complicated than that. On that argument we should seldom restore anything. Coventry Cathedral, for instance, would have to remain a ruin, neither replaced nor restored; a suggestion unwelcome, I am sure, to the people of Coventry. I feel, too, that your fears about the danger of rebuilding are exaggerated. Structural additions and alterations do not necessarily reduce the beauty of an original building, as can be seen from a perusal of your excellent Country Homes series. I am no architect, but it seems to me that not a few of our cathedrals and

since Fountains Abbey was a living institution, and for 400 years time, weather and decay have been at work on its stones, so that the ruin has acquired a beauty of a different order from the beauty of art and workmanship given by its builders, though that, too, in part remains. The difficulty of restoring the church sympathetically can be easily imagined by studying the photograph of the Chapel of the Nine Altars reproduced in our last issue. All the mouldings and carved work are greatly decayed, and in many places have gone altogether; the engaged shafts have disappeared. No architect, however skilful, could restore this chapel without either making it a patchwork distressing in its harsh contrasts of old and new, or almost entirely replacing the old detail. New marble or even stone shafts applied to the columns would appear harsh and discordant, however carefully restored.

This is but one instance of the technical difficulties and responsibilities that would face the architect at

tiful and outstanding woman. Her conversation was delightful, and when latterly she turned to an art which she had loved as she had never loved that of the novelist, and took up painting, in that she also excelled.—WHITECROSS.

[Much of Mrs. Jacob's Scottish poetry first appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. The pathos, humour and humanity of her outlook, coupled with her great technical gifts, eye for character and ear for the music of words made her a valued contributor.—ED.]

TO A GREYHOUND

SIR,—In your issue of June 28 there was a most interesting letter and photograph of the memorial to Master McGrath, near Dungarvan, County Waterford. It may interest your readers, and particularly the writer of the above letter, to know that there was a bronze statue of the "Master" at Culford Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, in the gardens, on a stone pedestal. The inscription, after stating that the statue was presented to Lord Lurgan by his friends and neighbours, has the following delightful lines:

*Though thrice victorious on
Altcar Plain
McGrath's fleet limbs can never
win again.
Stay man thy steps, the dog's
memorial view.
Then run thy course as home
and as true.*

The author of the lines is not given.

The reason the statue was at Culford may mystify some readers. This can be explained by the fact that Lord Lurgan was Lord Cadogan's son-in-law. The statue was sent to one of the present Lord Lurgan's relations when Culford Hall was sold for a school in 1935.

I should like to add that I have no hesitation in saying that this was the nicest and best example of animal statuary I have ever seen.—ROBERT EDWARDS, Beyton House, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

SIR,—As a pendant to Mr. Whistler's delightful article, *The Revival of the Harvest Home*, in the issue of September 6, you may like to reproduce the accompanying photograph showing a pair of beautifully plaited crooks and their maker; they were made of wheat straw for a harvest festival at West Horsley, Surrey, in 1944. I was much interested in the skill of this country craftsman and asked him where the crooks would be placed. He said that he had always made them and that they were hung crossed on the pulpit. "When I was a boy, they were tied up with red, white and blue ribbon."—E. P., Farnham Common, Buckinghamshire.

[The rector of West Horsley informs us that the hanging up of corn dollies is not an ancient custom at West Horsley and that these crooks were made locally by a man who hails from East Anglia.—ED.]

FOXES AND BUZZARDS IN ARGYLL

SIR,—In his notes in your issue of August 16, Major Jarvis refers to a protest made by the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds against the killing of fifty-one buzzards by the Mid-Argyll Foxhunting Association. I hope I may be able to throw a little light on this mystery.

To begin with, the Mid-Argyll Fox-hunting Association is a misleading name for a collection of shepherds, farmers, gamekeepers and anyone, I think, who cares to join in. Armed with shot-guns, on foot, they could hardly be classed as hunters. They are not the least interested in sport with the fox, but simply in shooting them, when it is reported

CROOKS OF PLAITED STRAW AND THEIR MAKER

See letter: For the Harvest Festival

village churches have undergone such alterations and additions, with changes of style, and yet remained or even become the gems that we know now and treasure. It may be remembered that the tower of Fountains Abbey itself was not added until more than 200 years after the original structure was finished.

The question of the rival spiritual claims of living institutions and picturesque ruins is largely a matter of opinion, but frankly I doubt if the people who picnic among the stones of various ruined abbeys and castles in this country give any thought whatever to their spiritual message. They are indeed purely museum pieces with historical, archaeological and aesthetic value, but little else.—VIVYENNE A. B. REVELL, Hurdle House, 4, The Gorses, Cooden Beach, Sussex.

[The case of restoring bombed churches, including Coventry Cathedral, adduced by our correspondent, is not a true parallel, because the time factor is ignored. It is over 400 years

every turn and which the layman, in his enthusiasm for the idea of bringing a great abbey back into use, inevitably overlooks.—ED.]

VIOLET JACOB

SIR,—The death of Violet Jacob has brought from the Press many references to her work as novelist and poet; in her *Scottish Poems*, 1944, much of her best poetical work was collected, but her novels, *The Sheepstealers*, *The Interloper*, *The Fortune Hunters*, *Flemington*, have long been difficult to obtain. It would be good to know that we might soon expect a complete edition of her work. *The Sheepstealers* is particularly interesting as giving, perhaps, the best picture to be found anywhere in English literature of the Black Mountains and their district.

Her work is not, however, what her friends will chiefly remember, for Mrs. Jacob was in the rarest sense an aristocrat in mind and body. Very tall, extraordinarily distinguished, even as she grew older she was still a beau-



that they have been seen in the vicinity of young lambs. Foxes in the Highlands are classed as vermin, and when there were enough gamekeepers to go round, they used to keep them down in the interests of young grouse, etc., and no organised rounding up was necessary. During the war, however, they became pretty numerous, and this Association was formed for the purpose of dealing with them. The members organise drives on different estates where the foxes have been seen, and are generally able to account for most of them.

I was not aware, and am sorry to hear, that they had also turned their attention to the buzzards. Many of the local people seem to class buzzards along with sparrow-hawks, and blame them for taking young pheasants and other birds. For nine years until a month ago we lived on the island of Shuna, and always took a great interest in the buzzards. We have examined many nests of them and are convinced that they feed almost entirely on rabbits, mice and rats, and that they do not kill young birds if there are enough rabbits, mice and rats for them.

We never shot the buzzards, and generally had six to eight nests of them on the island, which is three miles by two. They certainly are quite plentiful in Argyll, and I can well imagine that the fox-hunters would account for fifty quite easily, perhaps while waiting for the object of their "hunt" to appear! The only reason I can suggest for their doing this is that they are under the impression that buzzards are destructive vermin, and I am glad to hear the Wild Bird Society has protested about it.

Soon after we went to Shuna, we brought up a young buzzard in a large cage. We let him go about September, and he used to come back until the following summer for bits of rabbit which we took to him at a certain place near the house.—M. S. SUTHERLAND, *Arduaine, Oban, Argyll.*

[An Editorial Note on the persecution of buzzards appeared on our Leader page last week. The buzzard lives chiefly on small rodents (such as meadow voles), shrews, moles, a few young rabbits, and an occasional bird, also carrion; it is a good friend to the farmer, and its destruction is much to be deplored.—ED.]

JOHN FLAMSTEAD'S SCHOOL

SIR,—The tercentenary of John Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, who was born on August 19, 1646,



THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT DERBY

See letter: John Flamstead's School

calls to mind the school where he was educated. This stands in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Derby, and is a picturesque building of stone and gables.

It was built in 1554, and large grants were made by Queen Mary for the maintenance of a "Free Grammar School," and the payment of a yearly sum of £13 6s. 8d. to the headmaster and second master. Derby School, which was established in the town four centuries before, removed to St. Peter's churchyard when the new school was built, but to-day it is once again on its original site, and the building in the churchyard is now used as parochial rooms.

Flamstead was born at Denby, a small village near Derby, where his parents had removed to escape the plague, but they returned for their son to attend the Free School, and become a celebrated astronomer and mathematician. Many learned men attended the school, including Edward Vernon, Archbishop of York.—F. RODGERS, *Derby.*

A PORTRAIT AT HENLEY HALL

From Sir Ralph Wedgwood, Bt.

SIR,—I have been very much interested in reading the articles on Henley Hall, which have appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*. The second article (August 23) reproduces a portrait (No. 8, page 351) purporting to represent Ralph Wood the Younger (1715-1772) and to be by a painter named Caddick, a fellow-student of George Stubbs.

This portrait is identical, as far as can be judged, with a portrait by George Stubbs which has hung at Leith Hill Place for just on 100 years and has always been understood to represent Richard Wedgwood of Spen Green (or Smallwood), who lived from 1701 to 1780, and whose daughter, Sarah, married Josiah Wedgwood. His niece, Mary Wedgwood, daughter of his brother Aaron, married Ralph Wood. I do not think there can be any doubt that the two portraits represent the same person. Which is the rightful claimant—the uncle Richard Wedgwood or the nephew (by marriage) Ralph Wood?

The portrait at Leith Hill Place is signed, in the lower right-hand corner, *George Stubbs—pinxit 1780*. It is clear from Josiah Wedgwood's letters that during August and September of that year George Stubbs was staying with Wedgwood at Etruria. He was engaged, among other things, in painting portraits of various members of the Wedgwood family. Richard Wedgwood spent the last years of his life living with his son-in-law, and in a letter to his friend, Bentley, Wedgwood expressly mentions that Stubbs was painting a portrait of the old man. In another letter he gives the dimensions of the frame required for it, and these correspond exactly with the size of the picture now at Leith Hill Place.

It would be interesting to know the weight of tradition attaching to the picture at Henley Hall.

I may add that the portrait was brought here originally by Josiah, the eldest son of the second Josiah Wedgwood (of Maer), who died in 1843. His widow died in 1846, and the bulk of the family pictures went to his eldest son. They ultimately passed to his daughters, one of whom married a Vaughan Williams, and they have now been presented by Ralph Vaughan Williams to the Wedgwood Museum to be erected

at the firm's new Barlaston Works in North Staffordshire. Pending the building of the new museum the pictures will continue to hang at Leith Hill Place. They include a Romney portrait of the second Mrs. Josiah, two Reynolds portraits, and two Stubbs pictures, a subject piece painted in enamel on an earthenware plaque, and the portrait which has been the subject of this correspondence.—RALPH L. WEDGWOOD, *Leith Hill Place, near Dorking, Surrey.*

[We have submitted Sir Ralph Wedgwood's letter to Colonel Price-Wood of Henley Hall, who replies that an inscription has now been discovered at the back of the frame of the portrait: "Richard Wedgwood of Spen Green near Lawton. Josiah Wedgwood married the daughter of this Richard." He also states that there is, in the lower right-hand margin, an undecipherable signature apparently containing the letter "U." The identification of the portrait as Ralph Wood was therefore incorrect. Comparison of the photographs of the two versions gives the impression that Sir Ralph Wedgwood's portrait, reproduced herewith, is possibly the original, though, if the signature on the Henley Hall version is Stubbs's, the latter must be a replica executed in the artist's studio and approved, if not entirely painted, by him.—ED.]

THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE

SIR,—The device of the Elephant and Castle forms the armorial bearings of the city of Coventry. The heraldic description of this coat of arms is, I understand: "Per pale, gules and vert, an elephant, on its back a triple-towered castle, both or."

Lord Macaulay, in his poem, *The Prophecy of Cypys*, makes this allusion to the use of elephants in warfare against the Romans:

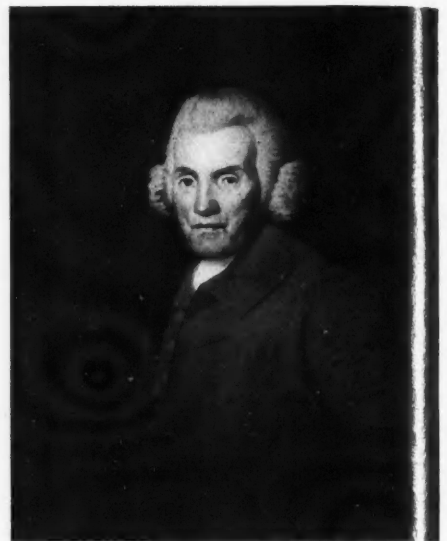
*The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East,
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge earth-shaking beast,
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand,
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.*

—L. B. HEWITT, 60, Lower Oldfield Park, Bath.

COMPENSATION RENTS

SIR,—The compensation position is not quite as unfavourable to owners as has been suggested in Arbiter's notes in your issue of June 7 and Mr. Trollope's letters in your issues of June 21 and August 30.

The point was covered by a statement made on behalf of the Government in the House of Lords on March 26 last. The statement was to the effect that under the Compensation (Defence) Act, 1939, compensation rent ceases to be payable as soon as the premises are derequisitioned. The Government recognises, nevertheless, that where derequisitioned premises are unfit for occupation as a result of damage done during requisition, it is right that some allowance should be paid in respect of the time taken to make good the damage. Accordingly, on derequisition a lump sum is paid *ex gratia* as a rehabilitation allowance which is equal to the net amount that would be payable as compensation rent during the period it would take in normal circumstances to make good the damage to the premises, not exceeding three months in ordinary cases, and six months in exceptional cases.



PORTRAIT OF RICHARD WEDGWOOD (1701-80), NOW AT LEITH HILL PLACE, SIGNED AND DATED BY GEORGE STUBBS, 1780

See letter: A Portrait at Henley Hall

Although the Government recognises that the notional normal period may not in all cases be the same as the actual period, this is an attempt to meet the difficulties of property owners.

This Association, which represents the interests of rural landowners, has examined a number of cases in which special difficulties have been encountered. It is, in fact, only by such examination that the Association can decide whether it might be reasonable to press the Government to revise the existing procedure.—FRANCIS F. TAYLOR, *Secretary, The Central Landowners' Association, 58, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.*

DO RED AND GREY SQUIRRELS MATE?

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter from Mr. Hassall concerning the possible mating of red and grey squirrels (August 30). During the last 18 months over 100 grey squirrels have been shot in my woods. The last four which have been shot are distinctly different from any which I have seen before. They are smaller, with a bushy tail, and distinct red colouring from the paws up the legs and also spreading each side of the muzzle. Could these be the result of a cross?—J. F. C. KEMP, *The Oak House, Crowle, Worcestershire.*

[The grey squirrel varies considerably both individually and seasonally, and quite brownish specimens may be met with. Also quite grey specimens of the red squirrel are often to be seen in winter, and the two species show no inclination to fraternise, quite the reverse; so we hesitate to say that a small redish coloured grey squirrel has necessarily any admixture of red blood. However, such individuals certainly merit investigation. We trust our correspondent will submit any further specimens to our Natural History Editor for examination.—ED.]

HOW DO YOU SLING

SIR,—I have used a sling off and on for more than forty years, the method I was taught being to circle the hand once, not too fast, and end up with a throwing movement. I do not see how accuracy can be possible if the missile is whirled round and round before discharge. One string should end in a loop for the middle finger, and the other with a knot to be held between forefinger and thumb until the moment of release. Length should correspond roughly to range desired. At present I have a 2-ft. sling, with which I can send a good stone about 100 yards. I could probably hit a

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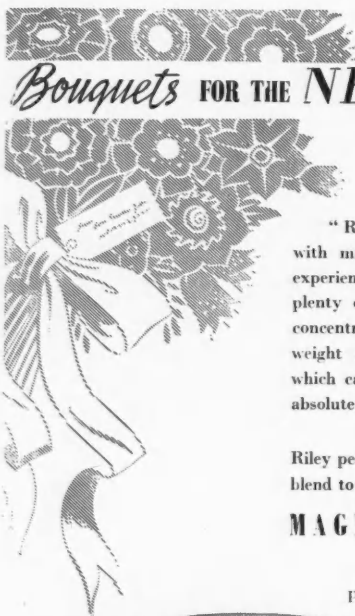


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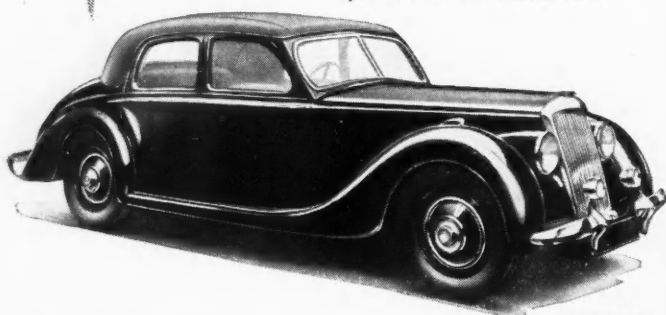
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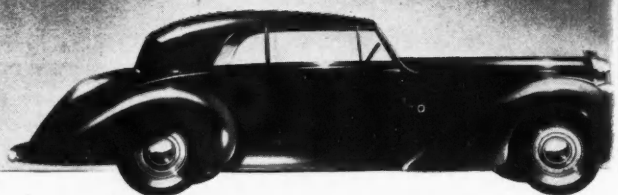


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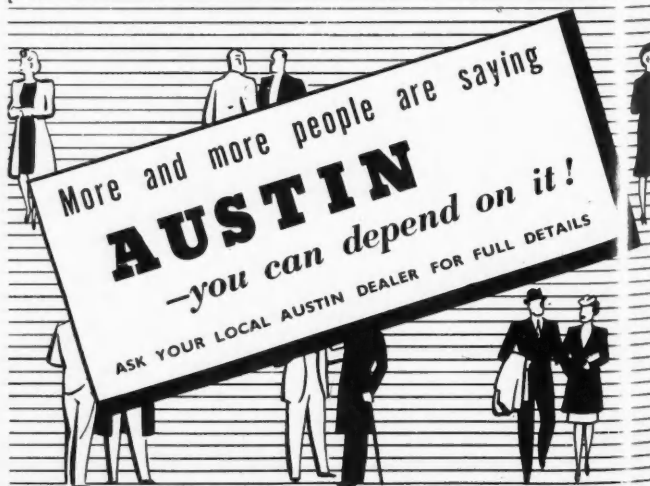
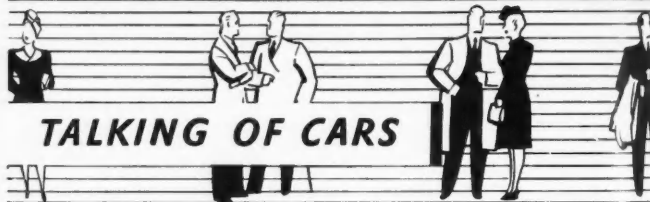
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haystack at that distance. This weapon would be inconveniently long for close-range work requiring a low trajectory.—N. LINCOLN, 45, *Gilling Court, Belsize Grove, London, N.W.3.*

HISTORY OF THE SLING

SIR,—Mr. Clarence Hills, in September 6 issue, asks for information about the use of the sling. The inhabitants of the Balearic Isles are said to have first used the sling as an implement of war for casting missiles; they practised the art from the time when the Phoenicians invaded their islands. They had one sling of rushes round their head, another round their middle and a third in their hand. One was long to carry far, another was short, to hit at a small distance, and the third was of a medium length to carry a moderate way. They were trained to it from infancy. We are told that their mothers fastened their breakfast to the top of a tree, or a pole, and that they were obliged to bring it down with the slings.

The Jewish slingers are said to have been so expert that some hundreds of them in one army could sling stones to a hair's breadth and not miss. The Anglo-Saxons were also very skilful in slinging.

Slings were sometimes made of wood, and sometimes of leather, and

THE LOST SPIRES OF LÜBECK

SIR,—I remember reading in *COUNTRY LIFE* about a year ago an account of the condition of Lübeck after our bombing, which did much damage to the old Hanseatic city, though not as widespread as was feared. As the photographs you published showed the Marienkirche and other buildings as they were before the war, your readers may be interested to see the enclosed picture taken from the waterfront since our occupation. The old houses along this section are undamaged, but behind may be seen the tower of the Petrikirche and (to the left) the twin saddlebacks of the Marienkirche towers as they now are. In both instances the tall spires of copper, oxidised green by the weather, were destroyed.—R. W., *Bristol, Gloucestershire.*

SWALLOWS IN A PILL-BOX

SIR,—You published in your issue of August 2 a photograph of a swallow's nest in a much-frequented hut in Austria. I enclose one of a pair of swallows feeding their young in one of the concrete pill-boxes used by the Home Guard. In this case the birds were not so delightfully tame as your correspondent's pair, and I had to use a hide to photograph them. This was no easy matter because the only things I could attach it to were a few screwheads sticking out of the concrete, round which I wound thread and hung on hessian. Several times the thread broke, to the consternation of the swallows. The birds mostly came to the nest together, and three families were reared. The nest was occupied for several years.—D. J. BROOKS (Miss), *The Aspens, Broomfield, near Chelmsford, Essex.*

PROPERTIES OF D.D.T.

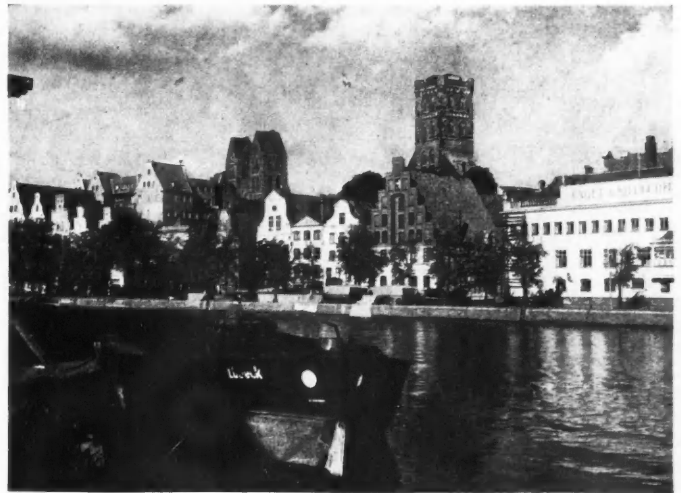
SIR,—It is with some dismay that I have read Major Jarvis's criticisms of the preparations sold as D.D.T. It has been an unqualified success both in military use, so that any member of a

Field Hygiene Section would undertake to make habitable even the tombs of Petra, and in civilian practice, where not only the problem of disinfesting slum premises, hitherto almost impossible, has now become easy, but reinfestation is prevented.

The difficulty is probably in the dose of D.D.T. It was soon found that 10 per cent. D.D.T. (AL 63, Mk. IV) was a great deal more than twice as effective as 5 per cent. D.D.T. (AL 63, Mk. III). From experience I can assure Major Jarvis that the former will free his terrier from fleas with a minimum of labour and will keep him free for a month if he is not bathed or does not go swimming during that time. Unfortunately there is reason to believe that some of the preparations put out as containing D.D.T. contain less than 1 per cent. Manufacturers should indicate the amount of D.D.T. in their product, but I have seen no preparations on the market that are so labelled. Powders containing 10 per cent. and solutions containing 4-7 per cent. are probably the most effective.

I can only suggest that the dog that developed a respiratory upset after being dusted was allergic to the talcum or other inert powder used to dilute the D.D.T. At Belsen and in transit camps for Displaced Persons the disinfesting staffs worked for months in a cloud of D.D.T. dust without any untoward effects.

It will be a great pity if the



THE WATERFRONT AT LÜBECK SHOWING THE MARIENKIRCHE AND PETRIKIRCHE AS THEY ARE TO-DAY

See letter: *The Lost Spires of Lübeck*

extremely valuable properties of D.D.T. and similar preparations like Gamexane, are lost to veterinary medicine by the thoughtlessness of manufacturers.—DENIS PIRRIE (Dr.), 16, *Lovelace Road, London, S.E.21.*

DOGS AND D.D.T.

SIR,—I was particularly interested to read in *A Countryman's Notes* in your issue of August 30, the warning to dog owners of the effects of D.D.T. powder in a kennel.

My two-year-old Scottie alarmed us very much one evening by symptoms of a serious illness. His breathing was very rapid and his temperature was found to be over 104 degs. Next morning I took him to a vet. Diagnosis was uncertain, but he gave the dog an anti-distemper injection and ordered a course of M. & B. pills. After a worrying five days, during which he would eat nothing, he made a rapid recovery and was quite fit again at the end of a week.

It was not until I read Major Jarvis's note that I remembered sprinkling a liberal quantity of D.D.T. powder on his bedding as an anti-flea precaution a day or two before his sudden collapse. If other dog owners have had a similar experience, I feel that the warning against allowing pet

animals to come in contact with this powder should be widely publicised.—R. G. COATES (Lt.-Col.), *The Lodge, Waddington, Lincolnshire.*

POSTING DAYS

SIR,—In the article *First Pair Out* in your issue of August 16, Mr. Edwards says postillions suffered greatly from cold. My grandfather, the late Sir Bradford Leslie, when a pupil of the great Brunel, posted with him a very great deal. It was my grandfather, as he often told me, who suffered from cold, as he was always in the dicky. The great man sat alone inside the chaise. My grandfather made friends with the post-boys and they told him, to prevent themselves getting cold, they rode until sweating freely; then put on their heavy top-coats, even if they were wet through with rain as well. This prevented them from getting chilled, and they never took cold.—LYDIA SPENCE, 35, *Chalfont Court, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.*

IN A SCOTTISH GRAVEYARD

SIR,—The table stone, consisting of a large slab supported on six pillars, is a familiar sight in any old Scottish graveyard, the pillars being usually in the form of square balusters. A stone, however, which I found in St. Cuthbert's cemetery, Kirkcudbright, is exceptional, in that the pillars are elaborately carved with figures distinctly reminiscent of Totem poles. All six pillars are different, and are carved on all four sides. Note, in the photograph, how the skull, crossbones and head are all suspended by ribbons from the ring between the two masks. The date on the stone, which commemorates a local merchant, is 1793.—R. K. HOLMES, *Dollar, Scotland.*

A SWIMMING BAT

SIR,—I have been interested in your two correspondents' letters on the swimming capabilities of bats.

Only last week, while fishing the Aberdeenshire Don, I unfortunately struck a bat while casting. The animal fell into the water, which at that particular spot was fairly fast running. It appeared extremely buoyant, and when it had eventually reached more placid water, commenced swimming to the shore.

As I wished to examine it, I "landed it" with my net, and found it to be a pipistrelle bat. Unfortunately in striking my rod its left wing was completely smashed, so I had to put the poor thing out of its pain. Its method of swimming appeared to be to use its half-opened wings as floats, and paddle fast with its hind feet.—G. KENNETH WHITEHEAD, *Greenbank Bury, Lancashire.*



A PAIR OF SWALLOWS PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER AT THE NEST

See letter: *Swallows in a Pill-box*

are described by Dionysius as having their cups hemispheroidal, decreasing to two thongs at their ends. Both the ends were held in the hand.

Froissart says that in the Middle Ages slings were used, and that in sieges they grievously galled the troops on the ramparts, and in the field broke the armour in pieces.—A. J. WATERFIELD, 60, *Beaumont Road, Broadwater, Worthing, Sussex.*

COWSLIPS IN SEPTEMBER

SIR,—Last week I found two cowslips (*Frimula veris*) in flower on Newmarket Heath. I have found cowslips in flower in winter, but never at this time of year. Is this unusual?—JOCELYN G. POOLE (Miss), *Rosemary, Fitzroy Street, Newmarket, Suffolk.*

[Cowslips do sometimes flower at rather outrageous seasons. This year we should say it is due to the continued wet weather and the plants making fresh growth which would not have been made in a dry summer. They are the least predictable of plants, as is shown by their tendency to produce abnormal developments, i.e. the Galligaskins, Pantaloon, Jack-in-the-Green, Hose-in-Hose types, etc. They also do peculiar things regarding flowering. Halliwell records in his Dictionary that "a cownstrop" (cowslip) in the month of January, 1632, was considered sufficiently curious to be presented as a New Year's gift.—ED.]



EMBLEMS OF MORTALITY

See letter: *In a Scottish Graveyard*



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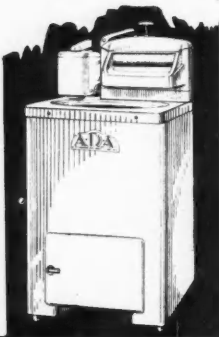
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NEW BOOKS

THOMAS BURKE'S PHILOSOPHY

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. THOMAS BURKE, whose name as a novelist is unfortunately associated with *Limehouse Nights* and other examples of his less good work, while such fine books as *The Sun in Splendour* are not well known, had a hard, gruelling battle before recognition came to him. If, like me, you never tire of artists' first-hand stories of their early days, you will find his *Son of London* (Herbert Jenkins, 12s. 6d.) excellent reading.

The author is reticent about his family. We learn next to nothing of the home that was a couple of rooms in a house in a London suburb. Mr. Burke concentrates on himself and his own struggle. One gathers that the mother was a widow. How the family was held together, and of whom the family consisted, is unresolved.

sented itself to a hopeful youngster in those days. The opportunity a "free lance" had to pick up a living was wider than it is now. The penny newspapers, for example, were on the lookout for essays and light sketches and had "an intelligence which no daily journalism in these times approaches. They took for granted in their readers a standard of interest and comprehension which no modern editor would believe in or dare to assume."

Working for these papers and for the many magazines that then existed but exist no longer, young Burke managed to keep his head above water, and in this he was helped by the fact that a guinea in those days was a guinea. Here is what happened to the first guinea which he ever earned by his pen nearly half a century ago:

SON OF LONDON. By Thomas Burke
(Herbert Jenkins, 12s. 6d.)

FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH. By Edith Sitwell
(Macmillan, 12s. 6d.)

THE GOOD LIFE. By C. Henry Warren
(Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.)

The boy was one of those with a natural aptitude for letters. It is impossible to say whence this springs, but there are these people whose untutored taste is sound. They nose out the best, recognise it when they find it without the help of tutor or professor and instinctively pass over the second-rate. Young Burke was one of them, and here he is pictured, like many youths I have known in fact, with his bedroom turned into a shrine adorned with the cut-out pictures of the writers and musicians he adored.

RESOLVE IN THE CITY

He was sent to work as an office-boy in the City of London, and hated it. He hated "the senseless, antlike industry, work for the sake of doing something or piling up possessions." What was called Wasting Time was condemned as a sin. "That I believed, and still believe, to be a lie, and I arranged with myself that if ever I did manage to escape that treadmill I would for the rest of my life do as little work as possible: nothing more than was necessary for a modest support. . . . I would use my life mainly for Being, and only incidentally for Doing."

But how to escape? As the years crawled on, he "wanted to die." By skimping on food, he bought books and seats at the opera, but these high lights threw up the contrast of the day's darkness. Then, when he was eighteen, he realised, with something of revelation, that those who wished to escape should simply do so. "Physically in a fit of exasperation, I swore at the head clerk, took my hat, and walked out of the office for ever. . . . In the whole world I possessed one and fourpence."

We are given an interesting picture of the world of books, magazines, newspapers and theatres as it pre-

"I had a Soho dinner, a half bottle of claret, a West End theatre (pit), three volumes of the world's Classics, two Canterbury poets, a box of the first Turkish cigarettes I smoked, a shirt, two collars and a tie." There are many other illuminating passages to show the worthlessness of modern money.

AN AUTHOR'S TASK

This is altogether a very good account of the young man as artist making his way at the turn of the century. Mr. Burke believes in an author being an author, "concerned with life in its larger aspects and with the problems of his art, and scarcely at all with such academic detail as the grey business of government and politics and economics. . . . Our poets have renounced their true office."

Speaking of *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* he says: "For one thing, they didn't abolish imprisonment for debt or Bumbles or ill-managed schools; and, for another, nobody to-day cares twopence whether they abolished social wrongs or not. They did something more positive than abolition. They created a world of fantasy in whose streets and among whose people we can wander with delight, and they gave new exercise to the godlike faculty of laughter." It is a point of view for which there is a lot to be said, especially in these days when so many novelists and poets produce work which one feels might appropriately be issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office.

Mr. Burke quotes with approval a saying of Berlioz that "nothing is real except what takes place in that little corner of our being called the heart." His book is the outcome of that belief. It is a very readable, human production that brings us close to the man whose early life it sets forth.

There is not much about Queen Elizabeth, or even about the young princess, in Miss Edith Sitwell's *Fanfare for Elizabeth* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). I remember watching, years ago, the gorgeous procession that filed into the new Liverpool Cathedral when King George V attended its dedication. First came the people of the meaner sort, and from them the glory mounted through degrees of Deans and Archdeacons, Bishops, Archimandrites and Archbishops, to the moment when, as the culmination of that flowing stream of lawn and purple, waving crosses, tissue of gold and silver, cope, alb and mitre, the King himself appeared. When he was about to enter through the west door a great fanfare was sounded and all the people stood.

That is the mood and method of Miss Sitwell's book. Here we have the procession that preceded the great Queen, and the morning fanfare of her life, but she herself is glimpsed only here and there.

KING HENRY'S WISH

The ironic theme of the book is Henry VIII's wish for a son: a wish that snapped the cords which from time immemorial had bound England to Rome; that dissolved the monasteries, with all that that was to mean of immediate social disruption and consequent rearrangement of property, with effects that would show themselves in the stand of the newly propertied against a later king; in the firs of martyrs and the fall of Wolsey and the deaths of the great and the frail—More and Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard. The outcome of it all was that cherished, fragile bud Edward VI, destined to so short a blooming, and the two girls who were little regarded. Who wanted girls? Of what use were girls to a king cancered with dynastic apprehensions? "They may now," a contemporary said when Elizabeth was born, "with reason call this room the Chamber of the Virgins, for a virgin is born in it, on the vigil of the auspicious day in which the Church commemorates the Nativity of the Virgin Mary." On which Miss Sitwell comments: "But the King wanted no virgins, blessed or otherwise. What he needed was a son to succeed him, and to save the country from civil war."

That, all the time, a Queen, to be of incomparable splendour and of unparalleled devotion to her country, was there, almost unnoticed, wholly disregarded, is the ironic heart of what Miss Sitwell calls "this Sophoclean tragedy."

PENETRATING MANNER

There is no need here to retrace the old ground over which Miss Sitwell goes. It has been the stamping-ground of so many historians and romancers that it would be surprising if a new blade of grass were found upon it.

All must be in the manner, if our interest is to be won. Both in the stylistic manner and in what one may call the mental manner, that is, in the apprehension that the core of the tragedy is here—that the splendour of the unregarded girl was to make unnecessary all this heady swirl and confusion of human endeavour—Miss Sitwell is penetrating and satisfying.

As we watch them all at their mighty, ineffective business—the Kings and Queens, the courtiers and the bishops, the midwives and governors and governesses and waiting-women; as we listen in the whispering corridors and the whimpering bedrooms and hear the harsh turn of dungeon locks and the dull blows on

Tower Hill, we are astounded by human presumption and by the refusal to leave some loophole for a blessing to fall from the knees of the gods.

THE RURAL SCENE

As a preface to Mr. C. Henry Warren's anthology *The Good Life* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.), some words of Sir George Stapledon are quoted: "The spirit of a country, if it is to be true to itself, needs continually to draw great breaths of inspiration from the simple realities of the country; from the smell of its soil, the pattern of its fields, the beauty of its scenery and from the men and women who dwell and toil in the rural areas."

"Dwell and toil" are the operative words of this anthology. It is called a book of country "life and work." The impressions of visitors are excluded. Here we have prose and poetry by those who, whether as residents in the country or as actual workers in it, know the rural scene with the intimacy of daily custom.

A few of the extracts given are from Whitman, Robert Frost and Sherwood Anderson, dealing with the American scene, and there is a little from the Bible, but apart from these the writing is all by men and women who have lived and worked in Britain. The range in time is from Chaucer up to contemporary writers, and it is surprising to find that, throughout all those centuries, the compiler of the book has found only three women to provide him with some matter. These are Miss Mitford, Miss Violet Sackville-West and Miss Alison Uttley. I think the balance could have been a bit better arranged, but I would rather thank Mr. Warren for what he has done than complain about what might have been.

GRIM AND GREY

DESOLATE uplands of the Yorkshire moors, fears and superstitions of ancient time in a remote countryside: these are the subjects effectively treated by Mr. S. Matthewman in *Gabriel's Hounds* (Books of Today, 3s. 6d.). In lines deliberately stark, to suit their theme, the poet draws a picture of harsh living, ruthless religion, loveless youth, all leading to tragedy because of one man's dominating will. Local superstition has it that the sound of wild geese skimming the sky by night is the sound of "Gabriel's hounds" pursuing the souls of unbaptised children. With this belief for motive force, the author creates a scene that, except for mother love, is one of unrelieved gloom. But the poem has strength; and for beauty we turn back to the beginning, where the writer has a poem of dedication to his wife,

*Who fought against despairing days
With criticism and with praise,
that is superb in its passion of honesty,
gratitude and enduring love.*

V. H. F.

AMOS PERRY'S DIARY is a record of a life devoted to horticulture. Its appearance signals Mr. Perry's retirement from active participation in the work of the firm which he founded. For the time being it is printed for private circulation only. The contents of the book are a record of the innumerable plants he has raised, introduced or re-introduced in something over 50 years. The list is more than impressive. But keen gardeners will be more interested in the announcement that Mr. Perry's retirement does not mean relinquishment of horticultural activities than in a record of his services. He intends to devote his remaining years to the work which has always been his first love—plant breeding. Long may he do so. D. T. McF.

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FARMING NOTES

HARVEST BLUES

ROUND the ring at the local auction mart none of the farmers was bidding up for the dairy cows as the auctioneer wanted and he called out: "You farmers have all got the harvest blues. Your corn will come to some money in the end and you can perfectly well afford to pay good prices for these cattle." The bidding did cheer up a bit after that, but the dragging harvest certainly has had a depressing effect on the whole farming community. When a fine drying day has come, even if it has been Sunday, everyone has set to with a will and really enjoyed getting the ricks together in fair order. Nature, having treated us unkindly for five weeks, did smile with some drying winds and fitful sunshine last week and it was most cheering to find that a good part of the oats and wheat had not taken too serious damage. In the open where the air had free play the oat sheaves soon dried and it was only by the hedges and under the trees that the sprouting had gone so far as to make the grain almost worthless. On my farm the poultry are receiving unexpected largesse from both the oat fields and the wheat fields. Most of the wheat will be not too bad. Square-heads Master stood the conditions best, and there was little sprouting. The worst damage has been done to the Holdfast and Jubilgem, a French wheat which, like Holdfast, has an open head that catches the rain. As the millers will not take wheat that shows more than 25 per cent. of sprouted grains, there will certainly be a big tonnage of non-millable wheat. This should be made available straight away to poultry-keepers. In these matters the Ministry of Food move slowly, but I guess that the rush of hens to the market to catch the temporarily increased price for killing fowls will be stemmed by the amount of non-millable wheat that will be available. Wheat cannot be used in large quantities for milk production or for pigs. It is the ideal food for producing eggs and it is fresh eggs that will be appreciated this winter.

Hen Prices

FOR the next few weeks farmers are allowed to charge 3s. a pound for their old hens, without trading in the black market. After several months of hawking, the Ministry of Food decided on this temporary price increase to cover the financial losses which many farmers must incur through the disposal of their laying flock following the drastic cut in official feeding-stuff rations. While the Government were making up their minds I had to dispose of 600 birds which I sold at the maximum price ruling through the summer, which was 1s. 4d. a lb. Now that the maximum price has gone to 3s. a lb. the dealer who takes my hens rang up to say that he would not be able to pay more than 2s. This offer did not appeal to me at all as I am pretty certain that the intermediaries between the farmer and the consumer's table have been taking some very nice pickings for a long time past. It did not take me long to find an alternative market for my hens with local hotels and among neighbours who are quite happy to pay the full 3s. a lb.

Ploughing Arrears

IN most seasons much of the land intended for autumn wheat would be ploughed by now and some of the fields sown. As it is, harvest has dragged on for so many weeks that very few fields have been ploughed and cultivated. On the heavier soils the ground has been lying too wet to make a decent job when tractors and horses were free during the hold-up in harvest. I took the opportunity to have my two tractor ploughs overhauled. One of them I have got back, but the

three-furrow plough, which is the one I really want, is still held up by lack of spares. Is there any good reason why spare parts for ploughs should be difficult now? Everyone knew that there was to be more wheat grown for the 1947 harvest and that there would be more autumn ploughing. It is true enough that some of our ploughs, like our other implements, are over-a-2, but the type of renewal needed must surely be known to the authorities and to the makers.

Potash Fertilisers

ANOTHER worry at the moment is the absence of potash fertilisers or compound fertilisers containing potash. Here again the need could surely have been foreseen and the necessary shipping and manufacturing arrangements made long ago. Much of the land due to be planted with wheat this autumn is crying out for potash. The succession of straw crops during the war years has robbed all but the clay lands of their natural reserves of potash. The application of a hundredweight to the acre, or better still, 1½ cwt. of muriate of potash will, on my gravel land, make a difference of fully two sacks of wheat at harvest. Although I have obtained a permit from the War Agricultural Committee to cover additional supplies for what is technically termed "potash deficient soil," all I can get from the merchant is a compound fertiliser containing nitrogen and phosphate. He hopes to be able to send me some muriate of potash in a few weeks' time. What I want for use in my combine drill is a granular fertiliser containing all three plant foods, potash, phosphate and nitrogen—and not too much nitrogen—for the autumn-sown crops.

Potato Lifting

NEXT week I hope to start potato lifting. The haulm has been killed off by spraying with a sulphuric acid solution. It was hardly necessary to kill off the haulm, as most of it had died back prematurely with potato blight. The leaves were all shrivelled and black, but the green stems remained. I went to the expense of spraying—37s. an acre plus the cost of a tractor to draw the spraying machine and a horse to draw water—in the hope of stopping the spread of the blight infection to the tubers at lifting time. The acid spray kills off the fungus spores and, if the crop is left for a fortnight after spraying, the tubers should be sufficiently firm in the skin for lifting and the ground clear of the spores. I am doubtful whether I shall get the full benefit of acid-spraying in this wet season. Some of the field had to be done twice because rain fell just after spraying and so diluted the acid that it was ineffective. However, we must hope for the best. The ideal precaution, of course, would be to throw out at lifting time all the tubers showing any sign of blight infection. But this often evades the human eye and seemingly sound potatoes may turn into a putty mess after a few weeks in clamp.

Beef on the Air

FOR the autumn series of farming talks beginning next Thursday, October 3, the B.B.C. is bringing beef production into the picture again. Mr. Denys Bullard, who is an East Anglian farmer and the Technical Officer for Huntingdonshire, is to act as compère for the series in which some well-known people in the farming world, notably Mr. A. R. Wainman, Mr. A. P. McDougall, Mr. A. E. Baldwin, M.P., and Mr. E. Watson Jones are to take part. This is to be a monthly series of talks with a wind-up on April 3 in which a housewife, Mrs. A. J. Conyers, will speak about the consumer's needs. CINCINNATUS.

ESTATE MARKET

HANFORD HOUSE,
DORSET

COLONEL VIVIAN SEYMER, D.S.O., whose family has held the Hanford House estate, four miles from Blandford, for many centuries, has requested Messrs. Wilson and Co. to offer the Jacobean house and park, and the farm and woods, in all 748 acres. The Stour bounds the estate for nearly three miles.

Records of Hanford show that in the reign of Henry VIII John Seymer was the occupier and that during Queen Elizabeth's reign the estate was sold to the father of Sir Robert Seymer. The latter built the house which bears the date 1623. Successive Seymers have held Hanford, one being Dr. Seymer, an 18th-century naturalist of distinction, who did much to beautify the gardens of Hanford House. Judicious rearrangement of parts of the house have greatly improved it residentially. Externally, the gables, chimneys and pleasant hue of the stonework, combine to make up a building of great beauty. It was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xv, p. 558). Messrs. Wilson and Co. were empowered to negotiate a private sale before the auction, in the event of an acceptable offer. Oak panelling and carving and oak floors are features of the spacious rooms, one of which is 38 feet by 30 feet, panelled to a height of 14 feet. The auction was fixed for September 26.

"IN THE GARDEN AT
SWAINSTON"

TENNYSON wrote *In the Garden at Swainston* while he was living at Freshwater. Swainston, one of the most extensive estates in the Isle of Wight, is situated to the south of the railway from Newport to Yarmouth and Freshwater, almost centrally in the island, and exceeds 2,000 acres, including 10 large farms. Sir John Simeon, whose family tenure of Swainston goes back as far as the year 1780, has just negotiated a sale of the land, except the grounds and park immediately around Swainston House. In a bombing raid six years ago the mansion suffered severely.

A WILTSHIRE FARM SOLD

THE MANOR FARM, West Kennett, near Marlborough, has been sold for £12,950 by Messrs. Fox and Sons. It includes the house, buildings, gallops and training ground, in all about 540 acres, and the rental is just over £640 a year.

Death duties of an exceptionally large amount have to be paid on the Ashton Court and other estates of the late Hon. Mrs. Esmé Smyth. The Ashton Court herd of fallow deer is reputed to be the oldest in England, as it dates from the year 1390. Approximately 6,000 acres of English and Scottish land are likely to be offered.

The sale in lots of 294 acres of farm land at North Petherton, realised £17,980 at Bridgwater. Another auction in lots was that of 340 acres at Bardney, near Lincoln, for £15,300. A Kentish farm, Bowns, 118 acres at Penuhurst, has changed hands for £17,300.

Balsams Farm, 193 acres, at West Ashling, has been sold for £8,000 by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Stride and Son, Limited.

A NEW FOREST MANOR

CANTERTON MANOR, in the heart of the New Forest, has been sold for £15,250 by Messrs. Woolley and Wallis, before the auction. It comprises, besides the manor house, half a dozen cottages, some small

holdings and woodland. It was at Upper Canterton that Earl De La Warr erected in 1745 a memorial to the Norman king, William Rufus. De La Warr was Master-keeper at Boldrewood Lodge, and the Glen at Canterton was under his control. A curious commentary on a pernicious tendency of a certain type of person to cut his initials on public monuments, trees and so forth is seen in the fact that in 1841 so many people had defaced the Rufus Stone that an iron protection was placed around it. In the same year one of the Wardens of the Forest, William Sturges Bourne, put up a memorial of a more enduring character.

WAR DAMAGE PAYMENTS

OF suggestions for the relief of taxation on real estate there is no end. Most of them are reasonable enough, regarded only from the standpoint of property, but whether they are all practicable and, if so, to what extent, has to be considered from the angle of Exchequer requirements. The same thing holds good about war damage payments.

Looking first at the question of war damage liabilities, a point to be borne in mind is that for some time after enemy action had wrought havoc with property there was no legislative provision for recouping the losers. When, at last, to the great relief of the sufferers, a scheme was formulated, the war damage levy, much as it strained many of those who had to bear it, was not really exorbitant. The results so far revealed of the yield from the levy, and the amount of the grants already made, prove that there is very much more to be paid than has been produced by the levy. This is without taking into account the vast sums that have yet to be agreed in respect of certain types of damaged property.

A WASTING "ASSET"

IN common with every other financial operation, the problem is rendered more complex by the steady diminution of the value of money. The fall in the purchasing power of the pound makes any computation of the cost of remedying war damage hopelessly inadequate. What are called "value payments" range far below the level of the cost of reinstatement on current bases of wages and the price of materials. When war damage compensation was first introduced, it largely took the form of what were called "first-aid repairs." The damage so treated was evident enough and urgently needed attention. An enormous amount of repair work was done, but much of it was of a temporary character and very unskillfully carried out, often with admittedly makeshift materials. Owners who formally applied for repairs to be done in 1944 were told by officials that if they would be patient the work would be put in hand as soon as more immediately urgent jobs had been completed elsewhere. They waited, and they still wait, for the work to be done, and apparently another lot of forms must be filled up and another lot of "inspectors" must approve the doing of the work.

Damaged buildings are clearly a "wasting asset," but not in the sense intended by the chairman of a property company who has just reiterated his plea that tax relief should be granted on sums properly set aside to offset the shortening of leases or the normal obsolescence of bricks and mortar. Such relief would help owners to substitute modern premises for whatever has outworn its usefulness.

ARBITER.



R.O.Y.G.B.I.V.

Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet ; these are the colours of the rainbow which Newton flashed from the bevelled edge of a mirror when he made his famous researches on light. Since then, the study of colour has travelled a long road. It has become a methodical and precise branch of physics which the chemist is exploiting. It demands instruments of precision, such as the absorptiometer illustrated above. This is employed to measure with exactitude the intensity of the colour of a solution. For example, it may be desired to follow closely the rate at which a fabric is being dyed under given conditions. This can be done by withdrawing samples of the dyeing liquor at suitable intervals of time and measuring the intensity of their colour. The absorptiometer is admirable for the purpose. In the centre, a source of light throws out beams on either side. These pass through adjustable apertures and strike photo-electric cells. A sample of the dye liquor is placed in front of one cell and the aperture in front of the other cell is adjusted until the two cells give exactly equal readings. The sample is then removed and the readings of the two cells are again brought to equality by adjusting the aperture on the first cell. The degree of adjustment that must be made on this aperture is a measure of the intensity of the colour of the sample of dye liquor, and from this the rate of dyeing can be estimated. Just as British chemists discovered synthetic dyes, so they are today taking the lead in developments in the physical measurement of colour.



LONDON DESIGNS

for Grand Occasions

THIS winter evening dresses are shown alongside those for the day for the first time. The most breath-taking are still mostly labelled for export, and the coupon shortage makes any evening dress a problem and puts it beyond the reach of most people. But evening styles are beginning to form, and anyway it is fun to see glamour and glitter once again.

Within the three main groups of billowing ball dresses, tight swathed dresses for grand occasions, and the tight swathed and draped dinner dresses, almost anything can happen. There is no main decided trend but immense variety of décolletage and silhouette, material and colour. For the dance dresses, there are browns verging on maroon, rich mink browns, greys with the sheen and lustre of polished silver or dark as pewter or mercury. There are crystal white in tulle and satin, cyclamen and candy pinks, lavender and lilac mauves, blonde and



Photographs: ANTHONY BUCKLEY

Cocoa-brown chiffon, the clinging bodice gauged, the filmy skirt entirely hand-tucked.

(Left) White tulle spangled with gold on the ruffled peplum and the slanting line of the bodice. Both from the Norman Hartnell Export Collection

amber yellows, rich black velvet and fragile black lace. For the dinner dresses, black leads and reds—Venetian red, lacquer red, persimmon, and the red of Hartnell that is brighter even than the cerise of the Edwardians.

British silks have been styled in the grand manner for these dresses, satins, failles, cut velvets, Nottingham laces, crêpes, jerseys and georgettes. The very latest rayons to be manufactured in this country are on show in the Victoria and Albert Museum in the Britain Can Make It Exhibition. A heavy chalk-white crêpe has a wonderful texture for draping; so has a fine georgette. Satins are closely woven with the sheen of polished porcelain, some stiff, some pliable as a crêpe. Glistening white brocades and tinsel brocades recall the bygone glories of Spitalfields silks. A delicate fabric for *robe de style* has the pattern solid on a transparent background; gossamer whites have delicate stripes that look as though they had been embroidered on. Moss crêpes get their pebbly surface because two types of rayon are used: an acetate yarn that does not shrink in the finishing process is twisted round a fine viscose yarn, which does.

Linen rayons have been specially treated to be rendered crease-resisting; colours are gay and very smart. The new jersey rayons are made on fine knitting machines but the cloths are so fine that it is difficult to tell them from crêpe-de-chine. Some are crêpe-surfaced on one side and smooth on the other. Flowers printed on the

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satins are so rich and real that you can almost pick them. There is an exquisite overblown white rose design, chalky-white and black daisies on lavender blue crêpe. There are cubist and pen-and-ink outlines in exciting colour combinations. There are stripes where the colour has been incorporated in the solution before the fibre was made. This gives extra colour fastness to sun and washing. A design of large-hatted schoolgirls silhouetted in black on a yellow rayon crêpe-de-Chine is printed on both sides so that the print is reversible. A reversible cloqué is in turquoise and black. New colours are sage green, turquoise, brown and petunia; grey with green and red and sand; turquoise, black, red, pink and yellow; greyed green on cream.

The ball dresses of the winter, with ballerina skirts, have brief, strapless boned bodices to show the beautiful line of arm and shoulder. Panniers or farthingales of buckram stiffen the hips of the wide, rustling petticoats. At the big combined collection of the London Model House Group, Simon Massey showed a stiff white satin,

(Left to Right) Printed piqué designed by Graham Sutherland for Sir T. and A. Wardle, Ltd. An Ascher crêpe design in sepia on pastel stripes. Spun rayon designed by Henry Moore for Ascher. Lively spun rayon designed by Laura McKinnon for Ascher. (Below) Satin printed to look etched. Martin and Savage, Ltd.



the wide gathered skirt sewn with mauve spangled flowers, with chiffon petals fluttering and flowers sparser at the hem than at the waist.

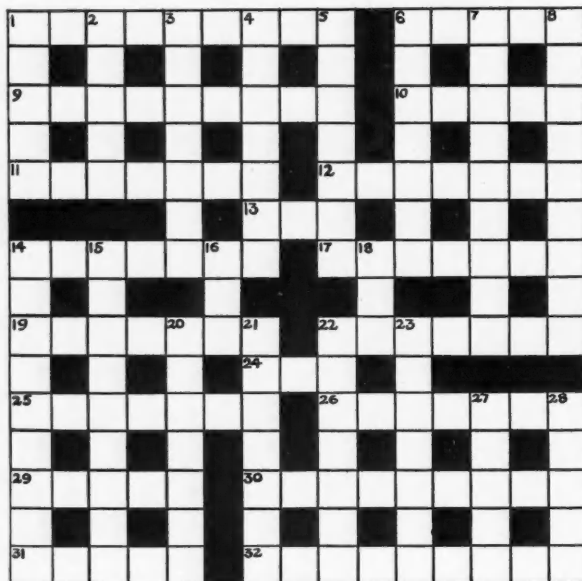
A black swathed restaurant dress had a tight black velvet skirt draped to the back, a black tulle top with a fichu ruched round the shoulders and a transparent round black tulle yoke to the base of the throat. The arms were left bare and long embroidered tulle gloves were worn with this dress, which was in the Gaiety Girl tradition. In common with all the restaurant and dinner dresses it had its own special hat designed by Mr. Lucas, a wide-brimmed velvet Gainsborough hat with a foaming white ostrich feather wound round the crown. Spectator showed a mink brown crêpe ensemble, a long gathered skirt embroidered with sprays of copper sequins, a tight fitted top, entirely of sequins and narrow shoulder straps. This had its own matching sequined jacket and a brown tulle and sequined toque.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

CROSSWORD No. 870

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 870, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, October 3, 1946.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



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Address

SOLUTION TO No. 869. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of September 20, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Sister of mercy; 10, Rollers; 11, Rhenish; 12, Drip; 13 and 14, Great Bear; 17, Eclipse; 18, Estuary; 19, Frantic; 22, Equator; 24 and 25, Ironsides; 26, Bath; 29, Hemlock; 30, Rancour; 31, Carpet sweeper. **DOWN.**—2, Ill will; 3, Toes; 4, Reserve; 5, Furnace; 6, Eyed; 7, Chimera; 8, Bridge of Sighs; 9, Cherry Orchard; 15, Spits; 16, Stour; 20, Anosmia; 21, Cricket; 22, Eyebrow; 23, Tea-rose; 27, Pomp; 28, Knee

ACROSS

- 1 and 6. That hang-jaw look (4, 2, 3, 5)
9. The vegetable that comes out first? (9)
10. Comparatively uncivilised (5).
11. No doubt, the African Balbus is proud of his (3, 4)
12. Orleans must become a famous landing-place (7)
13. "—heavy on him, Earth! for he Laid many heavy loads on thee!" —Abel Evans (on Vanbrugh) (3)
14. What decided the battle of Cressy (7)
17. Mixed sets in a poetical form (7)
19. The horse, whether in sound or colour, is a matter of weight (7)
22. There can be no higher court (7)
24. Without a gloss (3)
25. She's a little darling! (3, 4)
26. The jobs Dan goes wrong in (7)
29. French silk (5)
30. True cider (anag.) (9)
- 31 and 32. Formerly exported from Syria (5, 2, 7)

DOWN

1. This is always granted (5)
2. One of the three tempters (5)
3. "But when the blast of war blows in our ears, 'Then — the action of the tiger.'" —Shakespeare (7)
4. Rum friend? Entirely (7)
5. Takes off the cap or the clothes? (7)
6. Siena and Carrara, for example (7)
7. Make a ruling over a word? Just the opposite (9)
8. Oh! a garret to be obtained in a north-country town! (9)
14. Genuine (9)
15. It is hidden in a clean code (9)
16. A thicker kind of 24 (3)
18. Creature stuck in the mud (3)
20. He may become a true Master of Arts (w. h. out pay) (7)
21. No sailing order (7)
22. Guide to painting (7)
23. Unsettle (7)
27. The candidate who fails at the poll (3, 2)
28. A battle for the chair (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 868 is

Mr. Andrew Ward Simpson,
Priory Lodge,
Salisbury,
Wiltshire.

ah! oh!

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